

# THE SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,700, Vol. 65.

May 26, 1888.

[ Registered for  
Transmission abroad. ]

Price 6d.

## THE CHRONIC ALARMIST.

THERE are various emissaries of the enemy who combine to make it very difficult to supply this country with a thoroughly well-organized naval and military force. The politician who, not in the least because he is a person of lower morality than his colleagues on the Continent, but because he is a member of the House of Commons, and his nature has become subdued to what it works in, is incapable of thinking seriously of anything but the House and the hustings, is very efficient. So is the politician of whose morality it is politer to say nothing, who is exclusively intent on the big measure which is to bear him in triumph into office. Philanthropists, perfectibility-of-the-species men, gushers, and fadmongers do a world of mischief. We hope we do not underrate their noxiousness, but still we think on mature reflection that the chronic alarmist is the greatest pest of them all. The title is not a civil one, nor is it heard with patience by those to whom it is applied. It has lately, for instance, aggravated Captain PENROSE FITZGERALD out of his old liveliness into sheer rudeness. At times it is unjustly applied to the honest and competent critic who points out that various useful things ought to be done. But, although it is irritating, and although it is misused, it is the perfectly accurate description of a recognizable stamp of man. Definition of him is not altogether easy. The chronic alarmist has this much in common with light and poetry and the English gentleman, that, though we know him when we see him, we cannot find a neat, clear, and adequate formula for him. He must be described in a more or less loose way by negatives and limitations. This is necessarily discouraging to whomsoever tries to measure and estimate him, and yet the attempt should be made; for the chronic alarmist is an important and conspicuous person who has a great deal to say, and is apt to secure a temporary hearing, to our general misfortune.

First and foremost the chronic alarmist is a person who carries the modern practice of shrieking and foaming into the discussion of naval and military matters. We do not say the vice is wholly new, but assuredly it was never indulged in to the extent it has been during the last generation. A general statement of this kind is not particularly profitable, but examples of an illustrative nature are not wanting. The chronic alarmist, for instance, comes forward at a time when the British navy is believed to be hardly equal to the work it may have to do. To say this and prove it would be the work of the critic, and much too tame for the alarmist. So he declares roundly that we could not put six ships in line of battle and have no cruisers. For proof he produces comparative lists in which foreign vessels not yet launched, or built of wood and thinly armoured, are counted, while everything on our side is dismissed as obsolete which does not contain the "latest improvements." In this way an awful state of things is shown to exist. "Obsolete" is a very favourite word with the chronic alarmist. Guns capable of piercing all armour except the very strongest which is carried by only a very few vessels are pooh-poohed as obsolete because a newer and better gun has been invented. So it is clear that we have next to no guns. The chronic alarmist is greatly attached to certain formulas. One of them is the statement that the sufficiency of the navy must be estimated, not by the strength of a possible enemy, but by the work it has to do. When he is asked what work it can have to do except to fight the enemy, he gives no answer or a very hazy one. He is passionately fond of historical examples, and such historical examples! It is he who gravely rebukes the cheeseparing politician by asking him to observe that we spent 19 millions a year on our navy between 1805 and 1815, although we had no enemy at sea but a few

American frigates. Trafalgar, and the incessant fighting with French cruisers in all the seas of the world, the Basque Roads, the battle of Lissa, the action at Grand Port, and the rest of it, are so old a song that they are all forgotten, neither does there remain to him any memory of the long vigilant blockades required to pen up the powerful squadrons NAPOLEON continued to keep in a condition to go to sea if the way out was left clear for forty-eight hours. Sir CHARLES DILKE is so very polite to the *Saturday Review* that we are sorry to have to quote an example of the alarmist historical argument from him; but there it is, and it is too good to be missed. Sir CHARLES complains that we were oversharper in our comments on his statement that only the return of NELSON from the West Indies and the battle of Trafalgar prevented NAPOLEON's invasion. He acknowledges that CALDER's action was the turning-point, but thinks the difference of no great importance, and even, with a sudden lapse from politeness, suspects us of not knowing that Sir ROBERT was tried by court-martial. The point of the remark escapes us, and we think the difference very considerable. It is just this, that whereas, according to Sir CHARLES DILKE's view, invasion was averted by something like accident, according to fact it broke down before the strength of the English position. Then, too, does not Sir CHARLES DILKE also overlook a fact or two of more importance than CALDER's court-martial? He does not say, though of course he knows, that NAPOLEON's transports were collected by years of work, specially constructed and concentrated at Boulogne with infinite pains. Even if the British fleet had been got out of the way for twelve hours, or twelve days either, it by no means follows that those flat-bottomed row-boats would ever have reached England. The tides and currents of the Channel could not have been drawn off to the West Indies. Naval officers of the time who knew what the navigation of the Channel meant thought and said that the flotillas would have drifted helplessly about, and have run into one another. As for what would have happened if a tiresome breeze had brought a few frigates and seventy-fours down on those tightly-packed lighters, it is delightful to think of. Many thousands of Frenchmen who were to leave their bones on all the roads of Europe from Austerlitz to Moscow would have gone down in the Channel. There is at least a very great probability that the invasion of England would have been an earlier, quicker, and more decisive version of the invasion of Russia. After all, NAPOLEON was not always right. But this other side is what the chronic alarmist never looks at. It may be safely asserted that he never once asked himself whether any nation in Europe could collect vessels enough to carry an invading army. No doubt if they had years to prepare they could build them; but could they be got together soon after a declaration of war in one port, and enough of them fitted to carry thirty thousand horses or so? For you cannot pack a horse like a bale of cotton. The question of transport is an important one; for really the savage invader could not march over the water like the ghosts of the Japanese warriors who were lately to be seen at the Burlington.

The trade of the chronic alarmist would be gone if he were compelled to look at facts and forbidden to dress up bugaboos. Stated soberly, our position at present is not creditable; but there is nothing in it so very desperate. We have men enough to garrison India and the colonies, to supply a movable army of two corps, and yet leave a force at home capable of maintaining a feeling of security, and making short work of flying expeditions of the stamp of HUMBERT's in Ireland or the galley-slave invasion of Wales. From want of a little organization and of tools, however, this force is so unhandy that, in case of war, we could not venture to send two corps of regular troops out



of the country, and so should be crippled for offensive operations. Six months' honest work and a million could supply the necessary hooks and eyes. We have a number of fortifications in course of construction, but not finished or properly armed. A year would put that right, if well spent. We have a navy quite capable of meeting any probable combination on equal terms, but deprived of the use of some of its best ships by want of guns, and so not manifestly capable of asserting and maintaining complete superiority from the beginning of a war. This is scandalous enough; but it will not be corrected by going mad about it. Here, also, a year of work, and of no pedantry, could put things right. Even if war broke out to-morrow we should go into it as well prepared as we have been before, and, if we fought as well as in old days, could come out triumphant again. No doubt everything depends on that power to fight. If we are to believe the chronic alarmist, it is gone, and English seamen and soldiers can no longer face an enemy unless they know they have an overwhelming superiority in numbers. Now one of the principal reasons why we detest the fellow is just our conviction that he is talking craven and dangerous nonsense. In spite of him, we believe that, when the pinch comes—if it does—this cowardly howling will be quieted. The country will remember that war cannot be made without loss and suffering, that the other side will have to bear its share, and then we shall settle down to give our friend the enemy his kail through the reek. Still, this nervous talk, particularly when coming from naval and military officers, has an ugly sound. It is too like BYNG's whining letters, written when the poor man was working himself into the abject state in which he ran away from his own imaginings. Whether it may not lead up to another Minorca business and a repetition of the historic scene on the *Monarch's* deck we will not undertake to say. In any case it does mischief enough, by sooner or later exciting a feeling of derision, which is an invaluable help to the politicians who want to be bothered as little as may be about the defences of the nation.

#### THE SOUTHAMPTON ELECTION.

THE Southampton election is a grave misfortune, not only as a triumph of the Separatist Radicals, but as a proof of the incompetence and caprice of the constituencies which now govern the country. The seat is lost to the defenders of the Constitution, not because the Southampton voters desire the Repeal of the Union, but as a consequence of their utter indifference to Imperial interests and to the safety of the kingdom. Paramount importance seems to have been attached to the frivolous question of compensation to publicans; but Mr. EVANS's friends, probably without his authority, pledged their candidate to the main articles of the Socialistic creed. If a newspaper biography may be trusted, Mr. EVANS is a cosmopolitan trader, once a partner or confidential agent of the well-known American capitalist, Mr. JAY GOULD. His sympathy with the so-called Labour cause must be recent, though it may be sincere. The Southampton election has disclosed a danger which threatens not only the cause of the Union, but the continuance of the existing political system; and party government, though it has many serious defects, is not the worst result which may arise from democratic institutions. Election contests have for the last two years turned on a single issue of paramount importance. Conservatives of every shade have unanimously opposed the separation of Ireland, and the Liberal-Unionists have, as the title which they have assumed implies, resolved to suspend the assertion of their special opinions as long as the integrity of the United Kingdom is in danger. The Government, reinforced by the accession of one of the most eminent members of the Liberal party, had visibly gained in strength and in the confidence both of temporary and of permanent supporters; and, notwithstanding the advantage which an Opposition enjoys in "bye-elections," the large majority which was returned at the general election has not been seriously impaired. The increased acrimony of contests, and the mischievous practice of importing party speakers from a distance, were inevitable consequences of the transfer of power from the middle class to the numerical majority. The admirers of popular suffrage could allege with plausibility that the new constituencies had inherited much of the political aptitude of their predecessors. The alliance of the

Liberal-Unionists with the Conservatives at a formidable crisis was a movement in the opposite direction to the capricious multiplication of groups and factions which has disturbed the steadiness and continuity of Republican government in France. The agitation of the temperance fanatics at Southampton, though it was promoted in the interest of a party, has for the first time shaken and divided the Liberal-Unionists. Their local leaders found it convenient at the last moment to release their supporters from their allegiance, on the ground that the constituency cared more earnestly for a trivial and incidental issue than for the maintenance of the unity of the Empire. The question which was supposed to supersede all political controversies was not even whether the sale of alcoholic liquors should be allowed, but whether licensed victuallers should be compensated for the sudden suppression of an industry which had up to this time been as lawful as the trade of a butcher, a baker, or a shoemaker. Officious orators, including in their number a few injudicious ladies, succeeded in communicating to a portion of the populace their own frantic passion for injustice. It is true that the demagogues had ulterior objects in view; but it is not a little alarming to find that any section of the constituency is capable of treating the gravest political questions as subordinate to the desire of gratifying animosity against publicans.

The pretext for diverting public attention from questions of national policy was furnished by the Local Government Bill. There had been grave doubts as to the expediency of introducing the measure; but at first it seemed to have disarmed the opposition of the Liberal party, while it was languidly accepted, in spite of doubt and distaste, by the supporters of the Government. The Liberal leaders promised their best assistance in passing the Bill, having not yet discovered in its provisions any convenient excuse for thwarting the Government. The temperance agitators, concentrating their attention on the clauses with which they were specially concerned, were more astute than the leaders of the Opposition. It was not enough for them that the Conservative party had at last conceded the question of local option. The teetotallers insisted that the choice should be exercised in the form of a popular vote, and not by the representative body which was to control all other local affairs. Their protest commanded little general sympathy, and it seemed likely that the licensing clauses would be considered on their merits; but unfortunately Sir WILFRID LAWSON and his friends had a more formidable weapon in reserve. It seemed doubtful whether the uniform practice of renewing licences in the absence of reasonable objection was directly enforced by law. That the licensed victualler had a vested interest, generally of considerable value, could not be disputed. Parliament had stood by while every day thousands of pounds changed hands on the faith that property in public-houses would be respected in the future as in the past; but the agitators saw the opportunity of converting their enemies into victims, and the Opposition at once joined the movement which it would perhaps not have originated. The possible opportunity of placing the Government in a minority was too valuable to be neglected; but until the vacancy occurred at Southampton it can scarcely have occurred to the Gladstonian managers that the scheme of defrauding the publicans could be more than an auxiliary manoeuvre. The fanatics and the intriguers came together on the matter of compensation, and from that time the unity of the kingdom was forgotten by a section of the Liberal-Unionists.

Lord WOLMER, as the official representative of the party, attempted to heal the schism by a questionable concession. With his approval Mr. GUEST, the Unionist candidate, declared that he would not vote for compensation at the expense of the ratepayers, but that the amount ought to be provided from the premiums to be paid on the part of licences. It is not known how far the compromise satisfied the morbid consciences of some of the Southampton voters. Mr. RITCHIE, in his opening speech, and in subsequent explanations, had affixed no such condition to the promise of compensation. On the contrary, he declared that, if the licence clauses, including the grant of compensation from the rates, were rejected by the House, all the clauses relating to the subject would be withdrawn, so that the existing law would remain in force. Mr. GUEST and Lord WOLMER can scarcely have been authorized by the Government to annul a promise formally made in Parliament by the Minister in charge of the Local Government Bill. It may be doubted whether they consulted the interest of the Unionist party in their unexpected pliability. The right of disestablished



publicans to the value of their undertakings has no relation to the amount of the fund which is, according to Mr. GUEST, to be their only security; but for the present purpose the rights of the licensed victuallers are less material to the controversy than the substitution of the temperance agitation for the struggle to preserve the Union. There is too much reason to fear that the precedent may be followed. Many graver issues may be raised than the dispute which engrossed an exorbitant amount of attention at Southampton. Mr. JESSE COLLINGS's Bill for creating a body of farmers at the expense of neighbouring ratepayers would authorize plunder on a larger scale than the mere confiscation of the property of publicans. If the opponents of Home Rule combine their forces with those of its promoters, they have hitherto wasted their energies. They might as well have in the first instance surrendered to Mr. GLADSTONE the direction of consciences on which no confident calculation can be founded.

The formation of factious knots and combinations in the place of parties united by some intelligible bond would tend to degrade and hamper Parliamentary government; but the tendency will operate more directly on the system of municipal government which is about to be extended to rural districts. There has been much vague talk as to the probable character and station of the members of Local Boards. Anticipations of a preference to be accorded to the gentry, and especially to experienced Justices of the Peace, have been sometimes formed and frequently expressed, perhaps in the hope that a confident prophecy might tend to secure its own fulfilment. It will not be worth while for a qualified candidate to offer himself to the choice of the ratepayers if the election is to turn on the grant or refusal of licences, or on the claim of their holders to compensation. In these elections it cannot be said that in confining their attention to the question of licences the electors will be guilty of so gross a dereliction of duty as that which must be attributed to a section of the Parliamentary constituency of Southampton. The ratepayers may think that no political issue is raised, and that public-houses and the friends and enemies of their occupiers are more interesting than any other subject which is brought before their notice. Their votes will accordingly be given, not to the ablest and most honest candidate, but to the supporter or opponent of the licensed victuallers. The most competent aspirants to local dignities will not be disposed to pledge themselves to the popular opinion, nor perhaps to any judgment on the question. Those who take a more active interest in such matters will be neither the wisest nor the most trustworthy members of the community. The danger was foreseen when the Local Government Bill was first introduced, but when once the Government had conceded the principle of Local Option, it became useless to contend against the demand. The justices form a more impartial and more competent tribunal than any district or county Committee, but it would perhaps not have been prudent to reserve to them an unpopular power when they were deprived of all share in local administration. It is, to say the least, unfortunate that half a dozen clauses in the Bill should be made the instrument of rendering the whole comparatively ineffective. Delegates from the temperance agitators, or from the brewers and publicans, will certainly not be the best possible representatives of provincial interests.

#### IS IT SANE?

THE Southampton election is a matter upon which Separatists may naturally plume themselves; but, perhaps, it is in no respect a greater advantage to them than in so far as it drops the curtain (or would do so, but for intelligent pulling up of that curtain here and elsewhere) on certain matters that came before. It is delightful to imagine the expression of blank horror, or by no means blank rage, which must have come over the face of any tolerably intelligent Gladstonian reader of Mr. GLADSTONE's letter to an anonymous correspondent on the subject of increasing sentences on appeal. We, with our customary generosity, but it would seem with some rashness, last week admitted that the charge of political folly, at least, could not be brought against Mr. GLADSTONE. Perhaps (and in this case we apologize deeply to his admirers) the incautious limitation of his powers itself provoked this great man on the very same day to show that there is nothing which he could not be. In a well-known passage, but with what truth we cannot say, Mr. THACKERAY tells of a Scotch lecturer who was so bent

on ascribing every kind of superlative to his own countrymen, that he produced Scotchmen as examples, not only of the best poet, but of the worst. A still closer parallel occurs in one of our old English comedies—we forget which—in which the bore of the piece asserts his own pre-eminence, not only in all virtues and accomplishments, but also in certain matters not generally thought to be subjects of boasting. To judge from the letter dated "Hawarden," "May 19," Mr. GLADSTONE's frame of mind must have been something similar, or he never would have made a present to his enemies of such an extraordinary splutter of frantic folly. It would be convenient to them, no doubt, that it should be forgotten; but this it shall not be.

It will be remembered that in this matter of increasing sentences on appeal the Separatists suffered last week not one, but two, mishaps of the most humiliating and extraordinary kind. They, from their leader downwards, had exhausted the resources of virtuous and rhetorical indignation on the subject of this practice as an invention of Mr. BALFOUR (in whom, let it be observed, a correspondent of the *Daily News* recently discovered a special representative of the Evil One in person). Then, in the first place, a formal return was prepared showing that this last device of SATAN, this Tory trick, this everything and anything abominable, unprecedented, and nefarious, had been a constant practice under Mr. GLADSTONE's own administration. In the second place, a strong Court in Ireland, composed of judges, two of whom had been repeatedly Mr. GLADSTONE's Irish Law Officers, and one of whom, Chief Baron PALLES, has been over and over again covered with fulsome praise by the Separatists as the justest judge on the Irish Bench, decided that the practice was not only in accordance with custom, but strictly lawful, and justified by the sense as well as the words of the statute. It is impossible to conceive any situation more hopelessly ludicrous than Mr. GLADSTONE's, or one in which silence—complete and utter silence—was more obviously the only resource, unless, indeed, a politician could cease to be a politician and acknowledge himself frankly and nobly to have been wrong. Mr. GLADSTONE cannot acknowledge himself to be in the wrong on a point of conduct, because it is his first principle that on points of conduct he never is wrong; so that silence was literally his only course. Instead of being silent, he burst out, in reply to the existent or non-existent correspondent, with the wonderful deliverance referred to. He "has censured, and he will" in the teeth of judges and of his own conduct by his own agents "continue to censure, the practice of enlarging criminal sentences on appeal." He refers (much to the wrath, it would seem, of his supporters in the Scottish press, who would rather have had an advertisement for themselves) to something in the *Scotsman*, which has no special relevance, except to give him an opportunity of remarking that the article he quotes is "worthy of the defenders of such practices"—that is to say, the practices of his own administration. And then comes the crowning sentence:—"The Government in debate gave us no intimation that there were precedents for this shameful practice, which is contrary to the plain intention of Parliament, though adjudged to be within the words of the statute," &c. "We are now," continues Mr. GLADSTONE, "informed that we have done the same thing; but it was without our knowledge, and it is with knowledge of things not directly of executive action that responsibility begins." Still Mr. GLADSTONE rejoices that "the discovery has been made" of his own disgraceful conduct (he himself uses the word "disgrace"), and he hopes that Mr. BALFOUR will "continue his researches" into other disgraceful practices, other evil usages, so as to give new proofs of the necessity of governing Ireland "in a rational and not as now" (i.e. in Mr. GLADSTONE's own administration) "in an irrational spirit."

If any further proof were needed of the small attention which local voters pay to general politics, it would be found in the fact that electors have been found after this letter to give votes which indirectly might place the man who writes like this in a practically irresponsible control of the affairs of England. For observe. There is no sophistry here, the sentence about knowledge and responsibility, though worded with Mr. GLADSTONE's frequent cloudy verbosity, being hardly capable of deceiving a child. Even a simpleton can understand that, if responsibility is limited as Mr. GLADSTONE wishes to limit it, it practically becomes null. Every simpleton can see that the complaint "the Government gave us no intimation" is below the argumentative habits of a woman, and below even those of a tolerably sharp child.

A whist player at double dummy reproaching his adversary with "You never told me you had the trumps"; a prisoner in a court of justice upbraiding the Court with the sharp practice of producing his own previous convictions, would be quite dignified and logical persons compared with Mr. GLADSTONE. This is on the face of his letter. But it may just escape a careless reader that an, if possible, greater enormity and absurdity lurks in another passage. Mr. GLADSTONE alludes distantly to the judgment of the Irish Exchequer in the words "adjudged to be within the words of the statute." He does not say that the very persons who have thus adjudged it were persons who, under his own administration, were the Irish Law Officers of the Crown, whether they were or were not cognizant directly of the original facts. Either, therefore, Chief Baron PALLES and Baron DOWSE are men of the laxest morality ever represented on any Bench, men prepared to connive at illegality practised in circumstances which they know themselves, and offices which they have actually filled, and to justify it afterwards by throwing over it the mantle of their judicial character—a combination of rascality and effrontery almost impossible to parallel or to believe in—or else the practice in question which has approved itself to their trained judicial intelligence as a natural and proper interpretation of the law must equally have approved itself to those successors of theirs, whoever they were, who, in directing Mr. GLADSTONE's, as it appears, blindly submissive conscience, afterwards permitted these "disgraceful practices." And, lastly, even Mr. GLADSTONE might have seen the dilemma into which he has thrust himself by the last two paragraphs of his letter. Fantastic historians have sometimes charged the great criminals of history with doing evil that good might come, with straining tyrannical systems and laws on purpose that the strain might be too great for them. Did Mr. GLADSTONE do this when he allowed this "dishonour," this "shameful practice," this "disgrace," to be perpetrated over and over again in Ireland? Or was he merely careless altogether whether dishonour, disgrace, shameful practices, marked his government or not? One or the other solution must be true; and, whichever be accepted, Mr. GLADSTONE is clearly unfit to govern. Yet he writes as one unconscious of all these consequences, even of the actual and direct meaning, without any consequence or inference at all, of his letter. We can only ask, as we had to ask once before, Is this sane?

#### CRICKET.

ENGLAND really is in danger. The invaders—a friendly force from Australia—seem to carry everything before them. After beating Surrey by an innings, they have taken the same liberty with Oxford and with Yorkshire. Excuses are made, just as if the affair were an election. The wicket at Oxford was more or less a bowler's wicket; but the bowlers were Mr. FERRIS and Mr. TURNER, not Mr. COCHRANE, Mr. NEPEAN, and Mr. BASSETT. Oxford is distinctly weak in bowling, as far as time has yet shown. This makes it doubly to be regretted that a pedantic standard of scholarship has caused (as is reported) an interesting freshman who can bowl to despair of entrance at Oxford, and to matriculate at Cambridge. Thebes doth his green, but not unknowing, youth engage; he'll bowl out Athens in maturer age a few weeks hence. Mr. RASHLEIGH played two excellent innings for Oxford, hit Mr. TURNER over the heads of the multitude for five, and generally maintained his reputation. But he was most inadequately supported, and Mr. McDONNELL alone scored almost as many as the University. The weakness of bowling by the banks of Isis may be gathered from the performances of a team of Gentlemen "with RAWLIN." The University began by making 294—not a prodigious score, considering the bowling against them. Mr. J. G. WALKER's 99 was the largest score out of 190 on the other side. But in the second innings of the Gentlemen Mr. HENERY made 138 not out, and Captain FRIEND, who seldom plays in first-rate matches, got 72, while Mr. NEPEAN's bowling was quite ineffectual, and only Mr. FORSTER distinguished himself with the ball, getting eight wickets for 119. This was very creditable, and perhaps it may be hoped that, though Oxford can depend on no one bowler, still out of her multitude one may happen to be "on his day," like Mr. BUCKLAND and Mr. TYLECOTE on former occasions.

Returning to the Australians, they were easy victors over Yorkshire. ULYETT had not the success which was his in the great match at Lord's four years ago. He did not

get a wicket, and Mr. BONNOR (whom he caught so magnificently then) made 94, and hit, in that old delightful way of his, over the pavilion and all over the ground. Mr. BONNOR has not been playing like himself for some time, and has not been fielding with perfect safety at short-slip. Perhaps he is returning to his original perfection as a batter; while Mr. FERRIS remains a wonderfully useful bat, considering he is a bowler; and Mr. BLACKHAM and Mr. McDONNELL are as dangerous as ever. The two famed new bowlers had about equal shares of the Yorkshire wickets. PERL, Mr. HILL, PRESTON, HALL, and ULYETT batted fairly well; but Mr. JONES proved that he is a capital change bowler when his eminent companions were for a moment at a loss. Mr. TROTT, we think, will seldom prove more difficult to good bats than other bowlers with a very conspicuous twist from leg. There seems little reason to hope that the Gentlemen of England will make much resistance to the Colonists next week, especially if the present members of the Universities are engaged elsewhere, and cannot get leave to come to Lord's. Mr. WALKER, of Derbyshire, seems a useful left-handed fast bowler for the amateurs to fall back on in their need, but Mr. BUCKLAND, of last year's Oxford team, will more probably be played. Mr. NEWNHAM, of Gloucester, may also take a hand. Not much can be learned by taking a "line" as to the excellence of the Australians through their defeat of Surrey and Surrey's defeat of Notts. When they played the Australians, Surrey were out of practice, and LOHMANN had to leave off bowling, owing to an accident. His success against Notts proves that this was a great loss. But Notts, again, played Surrey without the undefeated SHREWSBURY and without ATTEWELL, a most valuable man. GUNN and Mr. H. B. DAFT played admirably, and useful scores were contributed by new men, RICHARDSON and Mr. LINDLEY. This may have more or less made up for the absence of greater names.

The owner of the greatest of cricketing names proved at Brighton, on Bank Holiday, that he is as formidable as ever. Mr. GRACE's 218 was a splendid Bank Holiday score, and was made with but one chance. As Mr. C. A. SMITH ("Round the Corner Smith," who will play for the Gentlemen) was the most successful of his opponents with the ball, it does not look as if the Sussex bowling was very dangerous. Mr. GRACE played it with his usual patience and coolness, never hitting out except when a loose one reached him, and then hitting his hardest. His playing of HUMPHREYS's slows was exemplary, and PAINTER showed great vivacity and brilliance. The Sussex fielding was excellent. Unluckily Mr. GRACE did not bowl more successfully than a man generally does after taxing his energies by a very long score. JESSE HIDE deserves the credit of him who does not despair of his country. His 130 was most praiseworthy, and so was the gallant stand made by the last wickets, PHILLIPS and A. HIDE. One can hardly hope, however, that, with their weak bowling, either the Western or the Southern shire will defeat the Australians.

#### CO-OPERATION.

THE co-operative movement has a legitimate claim to the attention and good will of economists. Its objects and its methods, whether or not they are judiciously selected, are within the competence and the right of independent members of the society. No co-operative Congress has yet copied the lawless doctrines which of late years have been annually propounded by the delegates of the Trades-Unions. The co-operators only propose to deal with their own property, and they are neither legally nor morally bound to employ the middleman whom in their distributive capacity they have largely displaced. The great changes in the conduct of retail trade which have been accomplished at Rochdale and elsewhere, though they must have been ruinous to certain classes of tradesmen, have resulted in a balance of advantage to the community. It is clearly the interest of consumers to buy goods as nearly as possible at cost price, and consequently the founders of the system have been followed in their enterprise by imitators belonging to the upper and middle classes. The stores which supply the wants of many thrifty households are still in fact as well as in name more or less genuine instances of co-operation. It is true that in another aspect they are merely joint-stock Companies, sometimes paying liberal dividends to their shareholders. The real co-operative principle is the simplification of distributive machinery by the appropriation to



the consumer of the difference between wholesale and retail prices. It is natural that the practitioners of a convenient and profitable doctrine should seek to disguise from themselves the wholesomely selfish process of buying in the cheapest market. The speakers at the late Dewsbury meeting dilated on the transcendental merits of dispensing with the costly services of middlemen. Ill weeds, especially of the rhetorical order, grow apace, and the barbarous phrase of altruism has descended from its authors, the French Positivists, into co-operative speeches, not to mention leading articles in newspapers. There is, in truth, no altruism, or otherness, if the word means preference of a neighbour to oneself, in membership of a Rochdale store. If the success of the scheme had depended on disinterested philanthropy, it would long since have resulted in bankruptcy. Love for others is a praiseworthy corrective of some of the defects of human nature; but the desire to save sixpence in half a crown is a much more powerful motive.

For some years past the experiment of co-operation has arrived at a stage in which it makes no further progress. Mr. NEALE, Mr. THOMAS HUGHES, and other benevolent promoters of the system make eloquent speeches in commemoration of their former triumphs and in sanguine anticipation of future victories which seem never to be achieved. There is no doubt that distributive co-operation or the substitution of concert for competition in the supply of general wants has been in many places successful. It is only surprising that the example of Rochdale has not been universally followed. The carriage has run easily down hill, and now it fails to overcome an adverse gradient. The preachers of the co-operative creed have never hesitated to assert that co-operation is as well suited to productive industries as to the purchase of the necessities of life. Year after year they boast of some petty attempt to exemplify their theories; but they have never yet demonstrated by argument, or proved by actual trial, that it was possible to revolutionize either the natural laws which affect capital or the tendencies of human nature. Mr. NEALE's frequent appeals to the virtue of altruism were in truth an involuntary confession of defeat. An economic organization which is not founded on self-interest must inevitably fail; and thus far it has been impossible to prove that workmen could permanently co-operate in industrial undertakings with advantage to themselves. Mr. HUGHES stated that a Co-operative Society at Dewsbury had, by some stroke of good luck, become possessors of a patent which, as he said, was likely to make the fortunes of its owners. If the expectation is realized a score or a hundred of artisans will become joint proprietors of a considerable sum of money. Whether they seek new investments or increase their holdings in the present undertaking, it will be for their interest to conduct business as cheaply as possible. The shareholders in a nominally co-operative factory will perhaps have divergent interests. The larger shareholders will, like other manufacturers, wish to reduce the cost of production to the lowest standard, especially when they come into competition with private capitalists. Other members of the same community will gain more by high wages than they will lose by low dividends. If the richer shareholders can obtain better incomes elsewhere, they will withdraw their money from the undertaking. That the prospect of overcoming such difficulties as these is not brilliant may be inferred from Mr. NEALE's pitiful appeals to the unselfish principles of altruism. Several other speakers used the same objectionable word in preference to an English equivalent, probably because they only half understood it. The old-fashioned language of political economy was less pedantic, and it corresponded more nearly with the realities of life.

Nothing appears to have been said at the Congress as to the success of the co-operative cotton mills which have been established in some parts of Lancashire. These undertakings are naturally regarded with jealous dislike by those Trade-Unionists who attribute the depression of industry mainly to over-production; but, if the speculation succeeds, the owners have no need to trouble themselves with the objections of strangers. It may be inferred from the silence of the principal speakers that the cotton mills are not at present enjoying any considerable success. It is probably impossible to dispense in the conduct of manufactories with brokers, with buyers, and with other middlemen. Any man can appreciate cheapness in the commodities which he buys for daily use; but productive industry requires the exercise of skill, and therefore the means of providing remuneration for experts. There appears, as might be expected, that

there is a difficulty in finding markets for products. Some of the speakers at Dewsbury proposed to supply the want by establishing a federal relation, as they called it, between distributive and productive co-operating Societies. In this instance also the phantom of altruism was invoked for the purpose of solving an embarrassing problem. It is absurd to appeal to the disinterested generosity of men who are bent on procuring a livelihood for themselves. If the co-operators are asked to prefer the interests of others to their own, they may reply that they were told the enterprise would involve profit, and not sacrifice. The advantage to be derived from the supposed federation must consist in the greater cheapness of the manufactured commodity, or in the high price which is commanded by the producer. In either case there would seem to be no gain which is not counterbalanced by loss on the part of one of the parties to the transaction. The distributive store has no motive for buying from the co-operative factory—unless, indeed, the shareholders in both undertakings are the same. On neither side is there an opening for altruism or gratuitous benefaction. When Co-operative Societies come into collision with Trades-Unions they are sometimes required to practise a compulsory form of altruism. Co-operative artisans or workmen are not allowed to receive lower wages than other members of the same trade, though as partners they can outbid competitors at their pleasure. The Trades-Unions managers sometimes treat the co-operators with affable condescension, but, on the whole, they maintain a distant demeanour.

Much irritation was expressed against one member of the Congress who read a paper for the purpose of advocating the mutual independence of productive and distributive organizations. The offending heretic will probably on future occasions keep his dissent to himself. But he may find consolation in seeing how even an unpopular argument eventually takes the form of a fulfilled prophecy. Productive co-operation will certainly fail if it depends on a kind of protective or preferential tariff to be established by the more prosperous distributive undertaking. Another disadvantage which must press on associations of workmen with little or no capital consists in their inability to contend against bad times. It is possible that the combination of the employer with the workman may tend to encourage soundness and efficiency of labour. If Co-operative Societies acquire a reputation for honest workmanship, some of the obstacles to their success will have been removed. One or two of the Dewsbury speakers denounced with natural indignation the "sweating" system, which has lately excited so much attention. He thought that it would be desirable to exhibit a higher kind of produce as a contrast to the cheap articles which are made by native and foreign workmen in the lowest state of destitution. The proposal was not perhaps deliberately made, and the contrast which was to be displayed would supply no new information. It is greatly to be regretted that neither co-operative industry nor any contrivance of the kind will provide a panacea for poverty. It is scarcely more useful to invoke the interference of customers who would decline to pay excessively low prices for goods. The region of Utopia which is devoted to trade is as easy to regulate as any other part of the same country; but the laws which work smoothly as long as all the conditions of property are satisfied fail to meet the case of practical evils. It is for the general advantage that all plausible experiments should be tried. They will certainly not succeed if they rely on altruism; but co-operation has done much, and its possibilities are perhaps not yet exhausted. It is pleasant to find that there are still sanguine projectors in the world. One of the speakers at the Congress foresaw a time in which Parliament would represent only groups of thriving co-operative associations.

#### CENTRAL ASIAN DEMONSTRATIONS.

THE Odessa Correspondent of the *Daily News*, who has often shown himself to be well informed, and whose paper is not suspected of "Jingo" tendencies, telegraphed on Tuesday last that South Russia was full of rumours, especially among the military and official classes, of approaching Russian movements against Afghanistan. The Correspondent, while asserting that there is no special preparation visible in at least the army of the Caucasus, thinks that a "demonstration" on the Russian part is not at all unlikely. It is, of course, quite possible that these rumours may only be the reflection of the various reports of disturbances on the Afghan-Russian frontier, but they are

certainly worth taking into account. At the same time, Professor VAMBÉRY, whom, though he may be called prejudiced, no one will deny to be exceptionally well informed, renews his warnings and points (it must be confessed, and can be confessed here without any twinges of conscience) to the number of times in which on this subject he has shown himself to be a veritable CASSANDRA of the other sex. Yet, again, it is positively stated that the Russian Government, which is not troubled about trifles, has knocked on the head the reviving commerce of Sebastopol by issuing orders for the exclusive reservation of the harbour there for military purposes. Although this, following as it does on the action recently taken at Batoum, may not amount to a similar reservation of the whole eastern coast of the Black Sea, since new ports are apparently available, it is a step in that direction. And it is by no means sufficiently understood in England that the railways now completed on both sides of the Caspian make the Black Sea not, as it was thirty years ago, merely valuable to Russia for acting against Turkey, but valuable also for acting—it is unnecessary to say against whom—in Further Asia.

All these rumours of wars may, of course, be put down as so much mere "panic"; and, for our part, we have always deprecated, and shall always deprecate, anything of the panic kind. But among the various new readings which have been put upon old words in our time, the identification of preparation and panic is surely one of the oddest. Professor VAMBÉRY's letter above referred to contains, curiously enough, very much the same suggestion as one which was printed in these columns before his letter left Buda-Pesth—namely, the appointment of more and more trustworthy English agents on the frontier, so that really prompt and valid information may be obtained. The Hungarian savant is anxious especially for English agents at Herat and Candahar, whether the AMEER likes or not. This, however, is obviously a matter which must be left to the Indian Government and the AMEER to settle between them. The well-known objections to Professor VAMBÉRY's proposal as it stands have been put clearly enough by Mr. GEORGE CURZON in a letter to the *Times*; and the same writer has pointed out the substitutes, also known, which exist at present. Mr. CURZON is certainly right in remarking that the Candahar agency, at least, is unnecessary. For our part, we do not quite see why, as the stay of the English Frontier Commission for years rather than months created no difficulty for any one, and as Russian agents are constantly in force on the frontier itself, some kind of agency, either sedentary or itinerant, should not be kept up between or in the respective neighbourhoods of Khoja Saleh and Maruchak. Objections on the part of Russia would have no *locus standi*; and if the AMEER's authority has not been injured by the RIDGWAY mission, its English officers and its Indian sowars, it is difficult to see how it could be injured by agencies of the proposed kind. The present arrangement is of doubtful advantage to any one, and of no advantage at all to any one but a determined evil-doer. The constant false or exaggerated reports as to disturbances on the frontier create an uneasy and unfriendly feeling in both the European countries concerned, and it would not appear that the AMEER himself is by any means as well served in the matter of intelligence as he might be. But it is quite possible that the actual stationing of an English agent or resident in Herat itself might do more harm than good; and in any case the requisite information, both there, at Candahar, and elsewhere, could be provided as it is at present, but more fully and exactly, in another way.

The renewal of these disquieting rumours makes the Australian agitation about the Chinese particularly unfortunate; for, though it is the opinion of some persons that China will never be of much use as an ally, no one but a lunatic would deny that, in case of a serious quarrel with Russia in Central Asia, it would be better to have the Celestials as friends than as enemies. Although the recent and still continuing operations of Indian troops on the Thibetan border were absolutely necessary, and have been carried on with the greatest possible respect to Chinese sensitiveness, the traditional policy of the Empire is too much opposed to any such things for them not to have been regarded with some disquiet at Pekin, and the Chinese can hardly be expected to make full allowance for the extremely anomalous and ticklish relations of Great Britain to her colonies. It may be very well seen at Pekin, when all is said and done, that the Australian excitement is nothing but a Trades-Unionist movement against Chinese cheap labour. Still, this is one of the penal-

ties of a colonial empire, especially when the colonies are allowed to enjoy practically unchecked the most irrational and the most tyrannical form of government, that of universal suffrage. We must make the best of it. Fortunately, whatever may be the wishes of some lunatics at home, the region on which we chiefly depend for resisting the attacks of Russia is in a happier state than that of democracy. The Indian Empire is still directed by what should be, and for the present very fairly is, the wisdom of the wise few, not the folly of the foolish many, and its resources can, therefore, be disposed of for the good of the whole people, and not for that of a class. These resources have for some time now been most carefully prepared, developed, and arranged with a view to the coming struggle, and, with firm backing from home, they ought not to prove unequal to the contest.

But this firm backing is absolutely necessary, and it may almost be said that, unless a suspicion of its being absent is entertained in Russian quarters, no attempt is likely to be made to disturb the peace. After the conduct of the larger part of one political party in reference to Ireland, it is, of course, useless to place any reliance on pledges. But it is at least well to point out that, with the exception of a very few Russian advocates, a somewhat larger, but still small, party of peace-at-any-price men, and of course the Irish disloyalists, every section of every English political party, is bound to resist the further advance of Russia. There is now no quibble possible about summer pastures and winter pastures, about Old Sarakhs and New Sarakhs, about the question whether Khoja Saleh is Khoja Saleh or something else convenient to Russia at the moment. The delimitation business had, as our readers know, in our opinion uncommonly few advantages; it had perhaps this one, that it made further backing out, except as backing out without any attempt at concealment, thenceforward impossible. It is, indeed, quite conceivable that "demonstrations" will be attempted, and for this simple reason, which might be obvious to any but simpletons. Vast and damaging as have been English concessions to Russia since the time, but a very few years ago, when we might have kept her at distance, it is undoubtedly true that in an actual war at this moment—a war on the great scale—she would strike for India at great disadvantage, and we could parry at great advantage. But with every step in advance her disadvantages and our advantages vanish, and it is therefore of the most vital interest to her to get these steps over without a war—to stalk India, in short, till she is within easy range. It is, we say, nearly certain that the stalking process will be tried, and it will be Englishmen's fault if it succeeds. Whatever may be the boasts of the Russian military party, and however much may have been lost already by permitting the overthrow of the independent Turcoman Khanates and tribes, and the completion of the Transcaspian railway, it is nearly certain that Russia will not go to actual war on her present basis if she can help it, or unless as a necessary step in consequence of her determination to go to war elsewhere. This last rag of advantage we are, if we have any sense at all, bound to keep; and we lose it if we permit demonstrations to advance the Russian frontier in Afghanistan any further southwards.

#### IN MALWOOD CHASE.

SIR W-LL-M H-RC-RT. MR. CH-MB-RL-N.

MR. C. (*looking round him*). 'Tis indeed a most interesting spot. So it was here that—

Sir W. H. (*with animation*). That stone is supposed to mark the site of the very oak-tree off which the arrow glanced. I have nearly made out the positions of the two men to my satisfaction, but not quite. I am not entirely satisfied about WILLIAM'S.

Mr. C. (*absently*). No! Ah, I dare say not!

Sir W. H. But I think I can place Sir WALTER.

Mr. C. (*suddenly aroused*). FOSTER?

Sir W. H. No; TYRRELL. Why, CH-MB-RL-N, you're dreaming.

Mr. C. (*pulling himself together*). Well, it really would look like it. This lovely afternoon and my excellent lunch have begotten in me a disposition to reverie. My thoughts had wandered—no great distance, indeed, but still to quite a different WILLIAM.

Sir W. H. Oho! not RUFUS, eh?



Mr. C. (*smiling*). Not in the least! I have never seen a sign of it. His warmest friend would not pretend that he ever showed a trace of it.

Sir W. H. (*good-humouredly*). My dear CH-MB-RL-N, your jokes are in advance of your Latinity. WILLIAM RUBER might possibly mean "blushing WILLIAM," but "rufus" is never used, to the best of my belief, except for the colour of the hair.

Mr. C. Which, as I just now observed, shows in your case not a trace of red. My dear H-RC-RT, you're a perfect Sir ANDREW AGUECHEEK in the gratuitous fitting on of caps. But why offend the genius of the Forest with our stupid political chaff? Let us agree to taboo even the slightest reference to politics.

Sir W. H. With all my heart. Especially as we are supposed to have met for a political purpose.

Mr. C. Just so; whereas!

Sir W. H. Whereas—well, of course, the mutual attraction of each other's society, and—

Mr. C. Come, H-RC-RT, don't be too modest. Add your own genial determination not to quarrel with old political associates. There is something very attractive in your readiness to forget our points of difference—points on which you are known to feel so strongly—and to remember nothing but our ancient comradeship.

Sir W. H. Thank you, CH-MB-RL-N. Yes. Whatever people may say, I flatter myself I have always known how to distinguish between men and their opinions.

Mr. C. Whatever people may say? Do you mean to say, then, that—well, well, there are people who will say anything. Why, it's your forte. In spite of the complete change in Mr. GL-DST-NE's opinion you recognized him as your chief in a moment.

Sir W. H. Ah! but I pride myself more on recognizing the Unionists as my friends with their present opinions.

Mr. C. Pardon me. Our old opinions; which *were* yours.

Sir W. H. My dear fellow, you *must* know that that only makes it the more difficult to keep up the intimacy.

Mr. C. You mean that there is always a certain embarrassment in meeting a man who has married one's divorced wife. No doubt that is the case to some extent in England; but hardly so, I think, in countries where divorce is more lightly considered. Your own connexion with your political creed, H-RC-RT, was always regarded, if you will excuse my saying so, as a sort of Indiana marriage, and people would not be very much surprised, I expect, at seeing the separated couple come together again. Nor, I fancy, are you yourself unwilling to encourage that belief. Hence it is that—(*pauses*)

Sir W. H. Hence it is that what?

Mr. C. I was going to say, only it would be so very improper a remark from a guest—I was going to say that it was owing to this willingness on your part that I am now enjoying an afternoon at a spot which the tragic death of your ancestor—let me see, he *was* your ancestor, wasn't he?—has for ever consecrated.

Sir W. H. Dear me! Are people putting that construction on your friendly visit?

Mr. C. Not so much on the visit, I think, as on the invitation.

Sir W. H. But surely we divide the responsibility, don't we? Do not the same people say that, unless you yourself had some political object to gain by accepting the invitation, you would not have accepted it?

Mr. C. Ahem! no; not so *many* people. At least, I think not.

Sir W. H. What! Not when you have sent up that *ballon d'essai* from Birmingham in the very week when you have come to stay with me?

Mr. C. I don't quite know to what you refer.

Sir W. H. How stupid of me! Of course you don't. You never read the articles in the *Birmingham Daily Post*, do you?—I mean after the paper has gone to press?

Mr. C. Oh! I understand. You are speaking of the "Sketch of Unionist Policy" which has just been put forward by that most respectable organ. Yes, I have read that—after the paper went to press; but you will excuse my saying that I am still unconscious of any peculiar relevance in your last remark.

Sir W. H. Yes? We are to regard it, then, as a mere coincidence that your National Councils scheme, and all the rest of it, has re-emerged at the very moment when you are honouring me with a visit? There was no intention on your part to provoke a little newspaper gossip about—

Mr. C. About another round table—a rustic round table to be placed for us under one of these noble oaks? My dear H-RC-RT, what in the world should I gain by arousing expectations only to disappoint them? We know perfectly well what the Round Table of last year really meant, and we can neither of us have any object in wheeling out that absurd piece of furniture again. The comedy was well enough for once, but I am not aware that there has been any demand for its repetition.

Sir W. H. No; but for the benefit of the actors, eh? Come, my dear fellow, I think a little more frankness between us two would be as well. You wish to keep open the door of reconciliation with the Gladstonians. I don't wish to close it absolutely between myself and the Unionists. Isn't that a fair account of the matter, and are we not both wise in our generation?

Mr. C. (*smiling*). Perhaps; but I can't pretend to your wisdom in one respect. You have far surpassed me in the forethought of your preparations for a highly probable future.

Sir W. H. As how?

Mr. C. In your choice of this excellent spot for your retirement.

Sir W. H. Ah! CH-MB-RL-N, I would gladly exchange it for your hobby. I have none. Let me advise you, my dear friend, to stick to your floriculture. You don't know how soon you may want the solace, or for how long. But here we are at home, and I dare say you would like a cup of tea. Let us go in.

#### THE IRREGULARITY OF REGULATORS.

SOMEbody once advertised a work "Sur l'Incommodité des Commodes," and Mr. THOMAS TOD STODDART writes about "that inconvenient convenience, a landing net." The Irregularity of Regulators has also attracted the notice of American citizens. Among Anglo-Saxon communities there has always been a tendency to "take the law into their own hands." The law "comes in two in their hands," as housemaids declare that porcelain does, and law is at present quite fragmentary in Indiana, especially near New Albany. The White Caps are a highly moral secret Society who beat to death, or nearly to death, every one whose private or public conduct they do not admire. To tell the truth, many of the persons whom the White Caps whip with hickory rods appear to deserve some punishment. But it is usually thought a smaller evil that men and women should go unwhipped than that they should be condemned, unheard, by a self-constituted court. In part of Indiana life is no more secure than in parts of Ireland. In both countries moralists and patriots are their own judges, juries, witnesses, policemen, and executioners. This, of course, spells anarchy; and in Indiana, as in Ireland, it is hard for the law to reach the patriots and moralists. "To obtain evidence against 'the Order, or one of its members, is impracticable; to 'convict a White Cap by any ordinary process of law 'declared to be absolutely impossible." "The Order has 'become a terror to the people." This was written about South-Eastern Indiana, not about Kerry; and it may soon have to be written about places nearer home. Somebody, in all human societies, must be, as the Scotch clergy pray, "a terror unto evildoers." Is that somebody to be an amateur, working his own will in the dark, or is he to be the magistrate? In Indiana he is the moral amateur. He and his friends in Crawford County gave forty lashes (each brings blood) to the wife of PETER DENTON. They informed Mr. DENTON (who appears to have been an interested spectator) that she was whipped for "conduct 'unbecoming a virtuous woman." Who is to decide what that conduct is? The moral amateur, editing a journal of espionage in London, or armed with a revolver and a hickory whip in America, is the only person who can settle the question. He has the right to create offences, to try them in secret (the accused being unrepresented), and to punish them. Suicide is a more pleasant alternative than submission to such Regulators. They whipped WILLIAM TONEY for being intemperate and "tough." The tougher TONEY was the better, as they gave him a hundred, much as Mr. PUMBLEHOOK was given a dozen on the occasion when his mouth was stuffed full of flowering annuals. GOODMAN received a beating for being a "drunken brute" who made his family support him. People who attempt to corrupt electors are also to be beaten. A well-known novelist, incapable of guile and withdrawn from the political arena, was once accused of being "the principal briber at

"the Evesham election." Near New Albany they would have given him a hundred lashes "on sight" and found out his innocence later. "The provocation that calls for such summary punishment ranges from chicken-stealing to adultery." The rural town of Corydon has been patrolled by hundreds of armed White Caps, who suspected that the public accounts were crooked, and who were prepared to "clear out the town":—

Ah, Corydon, Corydon, quae te dementia cepit!

Mankind is eternally relapsing. This organization of White Caps is exactly a revival of the Mumbo Jumbo brotherhood which MUNGO PARK found among the negroes. Disguised blacks came into the villages at night, with all manner of mummeries, and whipped women whom they accused, as the White Caps accused Mrs. PETER DENTON. In New Guinea and the neighbouring islands the secret judicial Society is called "Duc-duc," and its members go about dressed like Jack-in-the-Green. We find that the best if not the only thing to do with White Caps, Moonlighters, and their kind is to shoot them on sight. A few shootings will be avenged, as in Ireland; but nothing else, nothing but plucky personal resistance, will restore the confidence of a district. Of course, if people prefer a life of terror, they can have it, and they do prefer it in South-East Indiana and other parts of the habitable globe nearer home.

#### IRELAND.

LESS attention, we should imagine, than was looked for by its author or authors has been attracted by the recent article in the Birmingham newspaper regarded as the inspired exponent of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S views. This comparative indifference is not difficult to account for. In the first place, there is nothing new in the views themselves; and, in the second place, there is no particular significance in their re-statement on Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S behalf at the present juncture. The public knows all about the purchase scheme which is to vest Irish lands in newly-constituted county authorities, and is to pay their vendors in land debentures, which are not to be guaranteed by the State and yet are to be as good value as if they were. That is to say, the public knows all about the asserted advantages of this scheme, and nothing at all about the—apparently magical—means whereby these advantages are to be secured; and the article in the *Birmingham Daily Post* leaves the knowledge and the ignorance of the public alike unaffected. Perhaps there is in the latest statement a little more particularity on the subject of the "land bank" which is to be created for Ireland than was the case with former expositions of the Birmingham programme; but we can hardly say that the additional light thrown upon the plan is of a dazzling intensity. The "land bank" has a nice substantial "immovable" sound; and may possibly give the dispossessed Irish proprietors some confidence in the solvency of the debtor to whom they are to look for compensation. These debentures will be at least "as safe as the bank" which issues them, and the reassuring associations of that phrase may perhaps work wonders. All we can say is that wonders will have to be worked if the alternative of virtual confiscation by the compulsory tender of depreciated securities as payment for Irish lands is to be avoided by those who, like Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, so loudly proclaim their resolve not to pledge the credit of the nation to the discharge of a national obligation of honour. In the other features of the "Sketch of Unionist Policy" there is even less pretence to novelty of any kind. The "large and liberal expenditure on public works, drainage, rivers, harbours, fishery appliances, railway extensions, &c." is not even a specially Chamberlainian or even Liberal item in the policy of the Unionist party. It was foreshadowed in the Commission promised by the present Government in their first Session of office, and it is, and always has been, understood that practical effect will be given to this policy at the earliest possible opportunity. As to the old proposal of Provincial Councils, which has now been engrafted by its author on a projected Local Government scheme for Ireland after the model of Mr. RITCHIE'S measure, it offers even less material for remark. *Connu* is, indeed, the only observation which suggests itself on the proposal, considered in its abstract or academic aspect. The only thing which could give it actuality and importance would be the concurrence of its revival with some political juncture which should seem to invite an early attempt on the part of somebody or other at the realization of the plan.

This, however, is the very element which is most conspicuously wanting to it. The manifesto of the Birmingham newspaper is *à propos* of nothing, unless it be some personal objects of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN which can only be conjecturally assigned. There is assuredly nothing in the political circumstances of the hour to warrant its promulgation. The mere proposition that the "time is fast coming when Liberal-Unionists, pledged as they are to remedial measures, must show that they have a positive as well as a negative policy for Ireland," is hardly sufficient to show the necessity of putting forward an elaborate scheme of local government for Ireland during the Whitsuntide recess of a Parliamentary Session, the remainder of which will be entirely occupied with the settlement of a scheme of local government for England. The "time" of which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S organ speaks is not coming so fast as all that; nor must such excessive emphasis be laid on the temporal adverb or the companion proposition that a policy of Irish reform must "shortly" be "added to the support given by the Liberal-Unionists to the steady and fairly successful enforcement of law and order." We must, at any rate, decline to interpret "shortly" as "next Session," so far as one particular "Irish reform" is concerned. A steady and fairly successful enforcement of law and order for twelve months affords no sort of basis for the proposal to make a large grant of local administration, and thereby of political power, to the very persons in whose despite and against whose furious resistance this steady and fairly successful enforcement of law and order has had to be carried out. The Government, indeed, would be discrediting their character for steadiness, and doing their best to throw away their success, by entertaining any such proposal. Surely the commonest common sense must show the imprudence of re-arming a disarmed enemy who has neither had time nor opportunity, nor has evinced the slightest desire, to become a friend. It would be an act of folly, to which the Government cannot possibly be expected to commit themselves for the sake either of obliging a faithful ally or of silencing a troublesome follower. They cannot consent to wreck their work in Ireland because Mr. CHAMBERLAIN thinks it desirable to propitiate Radicalism in the constituencies, or because Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL promised "simultaneity" in English and Irish local government, and resents the disrespect which, he thinks, is about to be offered to a word of six syllables which has had the honour of being added by him to the vocabulary of politics. With Tory Democrats, however, their own party ought to know how to deal; it is Radical-Unionists who seem to need reminding that the primary purpose and main merit of the alliance between the two English parties on the question of Irish policy were to obviate the necessity for, or rather to remove, the temptation to just that sort of swaying and seesawing between firm government and so-called remedial legislation which has been the curse of Ireland, but which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN still seems to regard as the ideal method of treating it in the future.

Perhaps it would be as well for all Unionists, whether Liberal or Conservative, to be content with one thing at a time. The work of restoring law and order in Ireland is, as Mr. CHAMBERLAIN says, going on very satisfactorily; but it is not yet completed, and we prefer to wait till it is before laying out any plans for the future. If things continue, however, in their present course, we shall, no doubt, see the work brought speedily to accomplishment. So far as present appearances go, the discomfiture of the Parnellites by the last blow which has been dealt at the cause of disorder is as profound as ever. Every effort which they make to throw it off serves merely to emphasize and draw attention to it. The latest of these efforts—that of the meeting of the Dublin Corporation, convened by Mr. SEXTON for the purpose of endorsing the resolutions adopted by the Irish members the other day at the Mansion House—was almost pathetic in its impotence. At the beginning of the proceedings a message despatched by Archbishop WALSH from the Irish College at Rome was read to the meeting, and the meeting painfully "made believe to believe" that its contents were satisfactory. Having received it, the Lord Mayor of DUBLIN probably had no choice as to reading it to the Corporation; but Mr. SEXTON, who is at least an intelligent man, must have been acutely conscious of its terribly disappointing character. All that the ARCHBISHOP said was that "it might be useful to assure the Municipal Council of Dublin in his name that all apprehensions of political interference of the Holy See in Irish affairs are absolutely



"groundless. The cause of Ireland has nothing to fear from LEO XIII. Accept my most distinct assurance on that point." Alas! that is not the point on which Mr. SEXTON and his friends want distinct assurances. They do not need to be told that the POPE has not definitely enrolled himself as a member of the Unionist party, or that, if Mr. GLADSTONE were to come in again and introduce another Separatist Bill, no Papal anathema would be levelled against him. All that they know; but that, unfortunately, is all that Dr. WALSH says. He does not, and he cannot, say anything to mitigate the force of the fatal condemnation which the Holy See has pronounced on the immoral means employed for the furtherance of "the cause of Ireland." And, since he cannot do that, the Parnellites know very well that that cause, instead of having "nothing," has everything, to fear from LEO XIII.

#### POOR MALIETOA.

IT is to be feared that the gentleman (or lady) who has contributed a brief in several columns and two divisions to the *Times* on the side of King MALIETOA LAUPEPA of Samoa, in his case against the German Government, will not do his or her Royal friend much good. About Samoa we and the Americans may care a little, but for poor MALIETOA no great interest will too probably be felt. Yet the brief is worth reading, if only because it presents us at the beginning (with a little help from the compositor) one of the most pleasing pictures we have seen for some time. There is, it appears, a worthy family in Samoa whose important duty it is to look after the "scared myths of the people." What scares a myth—the prospect of being triced up to the sun and getting dozens of interpretations by Canon ISAAC TAYLOR, or the fear that it may be reduced to its proper place by Mr. ANDREW LANG? This worthy family divides its labours in an admirable manner. The boys repeat the prose and the girls the poetry. The old people supply the comment; but this can only be done in public when the king comes to that island. At other times the people are left to guess at their myths and exchange them with one another—a system of barter which, it seems, leads to the form of competition called adulteration. For this a check has been provided. When one Samoan thinks that another is palming off a sophisticated myth he says, "Give me its solo," and a solo is "a poetic composition" which contains references, somewhat occult, to the leading "events of the myth, and which is supposed to settle any disputes." Who explains the somewhat occult references? Perhaps the old people, who "have the prerogative of explaining the meaning of the various allusions of the poetic lines," and do it at length, adding long screeds of comment to single lines of myth—just like a State Paper historian with his rivulet of text and ocean of note. How happy the folklorists would be if they could all be State-aided emigrants to the "largest island of the Manu'a cluster" of Samoa, where this wild nightmare goes on all the time—a consummation most devoutly to be wished.

To return to King MALIETOA LAUPEPA. His history is worthy of the country of scared myths. One STEINBERGER, an enterprising and romancing bagman, came to Samoa in order to identify the interests of his firm with the fiscal arrangements of the Samoan Government. Without the help of an old man from the Manu'a cluster we find this line from the solo somewhat occult; but there is no doubt that STEINBERGER, by diplomacy and other methods, made MALIETOA LAUPEPA King and himself Prime Minister. LUPUA was dethroned. Then MALIETOA found out that STEINBERGER had been saying the thing which was not touching missions from the U.S. Government, and so on, as bad as PIP. So the virtue of MALIETOA rose in wrath, and he packed his Prime Minister off. Then they objected, and MALIETOA was upset, and he also objected, and they had a merry mill, and he broke all their heads, and remained in possession. It is like a sophisticated myth or a solo of occult references, but the upshot is clear. MALIETOA was King, and was duly recognized by England, the United States, and Germany, which all made treaties with him, and promised one another not to annex his country. It seemed as if there was to be peace, and the Samoans were to be allowed to wither away quietly like the Hawaiians. But King MALIETOA was destined to come to grief through Germans. The Germans came, they made a treaty with him. He said he did not want any treaty, particularly not

that treaty, and wrote a letter about it to the German EMPEROR. It was no use. The German squadron turned up. Officers landed and put up a target in the principal street, and shot at it with bullets to the annoyance of the Samoans. Then they served out Hamburg brandy and made the Samoans drunk, so that one of them broke a German nose. After which outrage there was, of course, nothing for it but to depose King MALIETOA and make another king—which was duly done. This is the story as told by the King's friend in the *Times*, and, if it is somewhat like the poetic composition called a solo in the occult nature of its references, it does not thereby differ very widely from other briefs. As to the exact merits of the case, we shall suspend judgment with a placid conviction that King MALIETOA has gone the way of LUPUA, whom he contrived to upset with the help of the unvarnished STEINBERGER. As regards Samoa itself, the important thing would be to learn whether the setting up of a king who is a tool of the Germans is to lead to an occupation of the islands by them. If so, the United States and England may have something to say—and especially the United States. As for ourselves, we seem, to judge from Sir J. FERGUSSON'S answers to questions in the House, to have decided that it is wiser not to worry the Germans by indiscreet inquiries.

#### A LESSON TO COSTERMONGERS.

WE know of no reason why a costermonger should not obey the law and respect the convenience of his fellow-citizens using the public thoroughfares, or why, if he obstinately refuses such obedience, he should be encouraged and rewarded by an officer whose duty it is to protect the rights of the public and to administer the law. It seems, however, that on both these points Mr. MONTAGU WILLIAMS has the advantage of us. He knows of some reason, or at least we must assume so, though he did not disclose it, why RICHARD SNELGROVE was justified in obstructing foot-passengers in Battersea in defiance of a lawful order to desist from so doing; and he has also, in *gremio magistratus*, some ground satisfactory to himself for rewarding RICHARD SNELGROVE'S resistance to the order with a donation out of the poor-box. Yet it must be admitted that these secrets of Mr. MONTAGU WILLIAMS'S judicial mind are hard to penetrate. To judge from the case as presented to the Court by the representatives of the Battersea Vestry, an ordinary unmagisterial observer would have said that the defendant's conduct differed only for the worse from that of his competitors in street trading, and that they may imagine themselves to have possibly some cause of complaint as regards the favour which has been shown him. The Vestry, Mr. YOUNG said, took action owing to the determination of the costermongers to stand in the main thoroughfare, thus causing considerable annoyance and compelling people to walk in the roadway. They were directed to transfer their barrows to the side streets, and "all those who lived in the parish had consented to do so; but a few others, of whom the complainant was one, insisted on maintaining their former position." As they gave false names and addresses, they could not be summoned; and the Vestry had, accordingly, to proceed against them summarily, under the powers of 57 Geo. III. c. 29, sec. 65, by seizure of their barrows. The complainant's barrow had been thus seized, and he took out a summons in consequence against one of the street inspectors for its recovery. This summons Mr. MONTAGU WILLIAMS was reluctantly compelled to dismiss on a technical point. But his sympathies appear to have gone out strongly towards the man who thus insisted on a privilege of obstruction which most of his fellow-traders had obediently resigned, and which was, no doubt, of enhanced value to the contumacious costermongers on that account; and, having ascertained that SNELGROVE had rendered himself liable to a charge of 10s. as costs in connexion with the seizure of the barrow, Mr. WILLIAMS gave SNELGROVE 10s. out of the poor-box, described the Act of Parliament and the action taken under it as "cruel and disgraceful," urged the advisableness of proceeding against the costermongers by summons, which he had been already told was impracticable, and suggested that the complainant should proceed against the Vestry for detaining his barrow. We should add that the donation from the poor-box was given to enable SNELGROVE to buy more flowers, and that it was expressly stated by Mr. YOUNG that he was offered his flowers back again, and had refused.

It is to be hoped that the well-conducted costermongers of Battersea will not have their attention too pointedly drawn to the case which has been thus disposed of at the Wandsworth Police Court. These good fellows are at present a little behind their age, and it is greatly to be hoped, so far as the Battersea public is concerned, that they may continue as long as possible in their state of old-fashioned innocence. When it was pointed out to them by the local authorities that these open-air markets were a nuisance to the inhabitants of the district, and that it must be removed to a less crowded thoroughfare, they adopted the obsolete course of submission. So ignorant were they of the latest and most approved methods of attracting the sympathy of persons in authority, that they obeyed a lawful order. It is really delightful to find such sacred simplicity in these days among any class of men. SNELLGROVE, who is evidently a student of contemporary politics, and has carefully and intelligently watched the tactics of Irish cottiers, Welsh farmers, Scotch crofters, and others—and possibly also noticed the peculiar characteristics of Mr. MONTAGU WILLIAMS—has gained a truer insight into the “conditions of his environment.” He calculated that by defying authority, by allowing his property to be seized, and by taking proceedings for its recovery before a magistrate who has brought the art of “playing to the gallery” to an astonishing pitch of perfection, he might be fairly certain to “score.” And scored he has. He has got an advertisement from—or a joint advertisement with—Mr. MONTAGU WILLIAMS, and ten shillings out of a fund which can hardly, on any view of it, have been intended for such cases as his. It is to be hoped that the law-abiding costermongers will not learn the too obvious lesson of the case; or the Battersea Vestry are likely to have trouble on their hands.

#### THE BARCELONA EXHIBITION.

UNIVERSAL Exhibitions are not matters on which much remains to be said. The coming French one has a kind of interest, because we all want to know whether the next revolution will happen before it is open or after, or while it is going on. But this interest is extraneous, and, as it were, illegitimate. For the rest, the thing will be a big show, and that is nearly all there is to be said about it. The Barcelona Exhibition is in a happier position; for, in its way, it is a new thing. A Spain in which enterprising gentlemen form bold plans, and, not only form them, but go roundly to work to carry them out, is not the Spain we have known for long. Now this is what has happened. Some months ago certain Catalan gentlemen thought it would be a good thing to have an exhibition in the town of Barcelona. Instead of dreaming about it and writing magniloquent articles to show that it could be done, and ought to be done, they actually set to work and did it. In old times there would have been the talk, and then a postponement of work until to-morrow. Finally, it would have been decided that, in fact, it was as good as done, and no more trouble need be taken. Perhaps it would have been begun, and left in the middle because of “falta de recursos,” which is the fatal Spanish equivalent of the old disease called “faute d’argent” by a great doctor. In this case none of these things happened. The scheme was conceived and put into execution with a speed worthy of the United States. When the opening day came the Exhibition was not ready—no Exhibition ever is—but it was far enough advanced to allow of an opening ceremony. After this we expect soon to hear of express trains crossing through Spain at the rate of thirty miles an hour; to be told that use is being made of the canal of Aragon, which was begun by CHARLES V. and was unfinished a few years ago; and to see the Spanish fleet adding new horrors to the life of English First Lords of the Admiralty. All this may happen, and more, if the Spaniards can only keep up the pace for five years or so.

The opening ceremony, too, was a novelty in its way—so much happened to make it striking. No parade on any similar occasion can have been more brilliant and picturesque than the naval display in Barcelona harbour. Upwards of sixty warships of all nations are rarely collected together, and the Barcelonese may reflect with pleasure that they have seen what few have seen. Then the presence of all those squadrons was an outward and visible sign to Spaniards that their present ruler is one whom all the world

delights to honour. If they are wise, too, they will look on those ironclads and meditate on the happiness of a people which is not interested in the Eastern question, which has a frontier no one dreams of attacking, which does not lie in the road of any army, which can afford to take no notice of what Russia does in Bulgaria or what France would like to do anywhere. There arose a little cloud out of that splendid review. It was discovered that the English, Austrian, and Italian squadrons could not be even said to be going to cruise together without wounding the susceptibilities of a “friendly Power.” To the Spaniards what does it matter who cruises with whom? They can eat their bread with joy, and drink their wine with a merry heart—they have plenty of both and good—they can let their garments be always white, as they like to do in hot weather most wisely. The snarling of friendly Powers at one another’s heels does not affect them. As far as they are concerned, all these foreign fighting ships have collected only to honour the QUEEN REGENT, and her solemn opening of the Exhibition gave all Europe an opportunity of noting the return of Spain to a position of respectability. It is a pleasing scene. All Spain needs to do now is not to take the new hotel for a model. This building, needed to entertain the rush of visitors, is to be run up in a few weeks *without foundations*. Now, the Spanish bricklayer and stonemason are clever fellows, and know their business as well as most, and the climate is dry. Still, buildings without foundations are dangerous, and for our part we politely but firmly decline to take rooms in that “hottle.” It is to be hoped that the recent peace and prosperity of Spain are not a temporary show affair also run up for the occasion. England has no reason to wish they should be, but much the contrary.

#### THE ROYAL WEDDING AT CHARLOTTENBURG.

MANY things concur to render the Royal marriage which has just been solemnized at Charlottenburg an event of peculiar interest to Englishmen. The common kinship of the contracting parties to our own Royal house would of itself, indeed, have sufficed for this; for the nation could not, in any case, have looked with indifference upon a union between two grandchildren of the QUEEN. But the steadily growing cordiality of our political relations with the German Empire, added to the deep sympathy which is felt in this country for the afflicted EMPEROR and his devoted wife, have undoubtedly much enhanced the warmth of the feelings with which the marriage is regarded in this country. The young couple themselves, moreover, have claims of their own upon English regard. The bride may be not inappropriately considered as the heiress of the sentiments which her mother universally inspired in the national mind, and as standing in the place of one of the most beloved of the daughters of England too early lost. And to a race as proud of their history and achievements as Englishmen are or used to be, a touch of romance is unquestionably added to the person of the Princess IRENE by her name, and by the event which it commemorates. As to the Prince, he is a sailor, with the reputation of being a good one; he has learnt his seamanship, if not exactly in a British school, from a British master; and he has already seen his share of service afloat. It is needless, therefore, to say that he is the possessor, other things being equal, of the best passports which a young Prince of any country can have to the good will of the English people. Even the German congratulations of the bride and bridegroom can hardly under the circumstances be more sincere and cordial than our own.

In every mind, however, here or abroad, the supreme interest of the ceremony will centre in the pathetic situation upon which it breaks as with a transient gleam of sunshine. The figure of the stricken EMPEROR must attract and rivet many an eye which would pass lightly over those of the bridal pair. Happily at this moment there is a slight improvement in his condition, and it is possible to forget for a while the hours and days of terrible anxiety through which his family and subjects have passed. But that, we fear, is all that can be said. His astonishingly firm bearing and demeanour during the ceremony was to a great extent probably responsive rather to the state of his mind than to that of his body; and even the most optimistic of the very favourable reports which have been circulated as to the state of his health is not such as to justify any confident hope of his final recovery. But it may possibly fore-



shadow, though even on that point it would be rash to speak with too much confidence, a more or less considerable prolongation of his life; and any respite, even if it be only reckoned by months, will be a gain to the country and to the world. In the meantime the solemnization of this marriage ceremony is not only in itself an indication of happy augury, but is one of those which often actually assists in the restoration of the patient's health.

#### MR. WHISTLER'S TEN O'CLOCK.

MUCH of the matter contained in Mr. Whistler's brilliant lecture has become to a considerable extent common property, and we can hardly suppose that there are many to be found among those who enjoyed the privilege of hearing him deliver it dull enough to have forgotten either the significance or the fashion of the sentences now before us. Nevertheless, he has done well in publishing it in pamphlet form. He will by this means secure a larger audience; and it is good, moreover, that important truths, however patent they may be, should be remorselessly hammered into the understanding of a public which, for the most part, divides its time between hopeless apathy and silly hysterics, but which in either state is slow to hearken to good counsel and to profit by it. The follies and stupidities against which Mr. Whistler's satire is directed are in the main as rampant now as they were when he first spoke, and it is not much to the purpose to note the fact that one or two of the most trivial among them have either modified their outward garb or been relegated to the more obscure circles of the suburbs. For one instance alone, the professional aesthetes—who, while they endured, formed a rather unexpected and mildly interesting variety of the genus Chadband—have been driven by the force of circumstances to betake themselves to other methods in their search after the various muffins which they seek to abstract from the enfeebled grasp of an exhausted community. But the dilettante, the ignorant and pretentious critic, the grossly incompetent teacher, and the half-skilled mechanic trading under the name of artist are always with us; and this being the case, we have often longed that some of Mr. Whistler's sentences could be printed on hoardings and in railway stations, hoping that "le peuple avec son gros bon sens" would seize upon those points that the cultured masses persistently ignore. For it must, unfortunately or not as the event may prove, be conceded that these same masses have persistently displayed their inability to judge of any question of art, either from the artist's point of view—which was not to be expected of them—or which might have been expected of them from the ordinary standpoint of common sense. But Mr. Whistler has himself shown us how this their incapacity has come about. "The people have been harassed with art in every guise, and vexed with many methods as to its endurance." Neither have Mr. Whistler's utterances been taken to heart by those who stand self-elected within the holy of holies. The dilettanti of painting and literature have failed to grasp the truest of his sayings, which must of necessity remain impenetrably hidden from all such as are physically and mentally unable to recognize the perfection and style of his best work in art. His productions afford insecure and treacherous ground for the feet of the hunter in search of the gratification of his own vanity and the plaudits of less knowing friends. The would-be admirer is certain to commit himself before long by expressing an equal measure of delight in the presence of some formless and umbrageous smirch, undistinguishable to the troglodyte from the most exquisitely balanced scheme of dainty colour that he has ever given to the world. It is therefore most desirable that Mr. Whistler should address himself to a wider public. Most admirably he dwells upon the truism that "art happens." No environment can in the long run make or mar it. Yet there is not here set forth, as a careless reader might suppose, any argument against the existence of public studios, in which the initial difficulties of the beginners may be got over. Such institutions may and do save many an artist from years of avoidable and fruitless effort; but they must not be such self-styled "schools" as those to whose existence we have allowed ourselves to become accustomed, where life studies are corrected after the model has ceased to sit, or in which a multiplicity of cooks are suffered to convert what might prove wholesome broth into a deadly pash. Mr. Whistler approaches more debatable ground when he treats of the combinations of untoward circumstances which have landed us in our present pass. The question of supply and demand in matters of art is in a practical world full of difficulties, and is, as he insists, most assuredly incapable of solution by jabber about "leading the artistic life," or the employment of kindred phrases by misguided people, who think it their duty to live in houses which they do not like, and exhaust their minds and muscles in unavailing struggles with coalscuttles of abhorrent form to compel them to yield their contents. In the sense in which Mr. Whistler employs the phrase it may be true that "there never was an art-loving nation." But that "there never was an artistic period" is a hard saying, which he himself disproves in a most conclusive fashion. The weak point in his lecture is to be found in his conception of the artist as a being wholly apart from other men,

living an isolated life totally uninfluenced by his environment. This statement will not bear examination, and Mr. Whistler's picture of the primeval artist making merry with his stick and his gourd is pretty but not convincing. Neither can his theory that suddenly "there arose a new class, who discovered the cheap, and foresaw fortune in the facture of the sham" be admitted. The spread of trade and consequent distribution of wealth has developed a race chiefly remarkable for moneyed vulgarity; hence the demand which has been most ably supplied for works in which all that is most loathsome has been lovingly and thoughtfully wrought up to the desired pitch of revolting hideousness. Hence, this wholly modern phenomenon that men, capable of becoming fairly reputable and successful linen-drappers, have, foreseeing that there was money in it, given themselves over to the production of the art commodity or Academy picture, and, while they bleat with futile hypocrisy of giving their best energies to the advancement of art, prey in shameless security on the fat juices of the unprotected stockbroker. As the lecturer points out another grievous thing came to pass when men of great literary ability made the discovery that pictures were convenient pegs whereon to hang their eloquent discourse, and that many alluring sentences could be penned concerning them. In their eyes "a picture is more or less a hieroglyph or symbol of story . . . the work is considered absolutely from a literary point of view"; and on the unhappy day when they secured the ear of the public, the tribe of pictorial illustrators sprang into flourishing existence—incompetent craftsmen who, striving to transfer the passionate vision of the poet from paper to canvas, produce a meaningless and wanton medley of ugly colour and incorrect form, as discordant and ungracious and as potent to create dismay as ever was the quivering shriek of the uprooted mandrake.

It would be an ill deed to mar the general effect of Mr. Whistler's writing by quoting detached sentences from it. His pamphlet must be read straight through or let alone; and it will amply repay careful reading even at the hands of those to whom his matter is already familiar. This much must be conceded to him, that he has perfectly fulfilled his aim. On the other hand, it must be granted that his aim is not the highest, or his view of the subject in hand by any means the widest. The strict limitations of his art make themselves sharply felt in every word that he utters—but within these limitations he reigns supreme. The mistress of his choice is, without doubt, one of the most fascinating and delicate of spirits, compact of bright caprice and wayward charm, dwelling lovingly by the water's brink at the hour of mystery and tender beauty—but certain to be not often missing at that other hour—"l'heure de l'absinthe" on the city boulevard. Such as she is he will, for her sake, endure no other—neither can he conceive of any other vocation than that of becoming her high priest; to filling that office worthily he has devoted all his fiery energy and incomparable skill. There is an unmistakable ring of genuine passion and heartfelt love in the following sentence, which, in spite of our good resolutions, we cannot abstain from quoting, with one trifling alteration of the text:—

When the evening mist clothes the riverside with poetry as with a veil, and the poor buildings lose themselves in the dim sky, and the tall chimneys become campanili, and the warehouses are palaces in the night, and the whole city hangs in the heavens, and fairyland is before us—then the way-farer hastens home; the working-man and the cultured one, the wise man and the one of pleasure, cease to understand, as they have ceased to see, and Nature, who, for once, has sung in tune, sings her exquisite song to [Mr. Whistler] alone . . .

who, we may add, possesses the supreme faculty of preserving it to us as no other artist can. It must, however, be added that he is far from being alone among great painters in his incapacity to tolerate whatever fails to supply him with the materials for which he instinctively seeks, for narrowness of judgment has almost always proved the enforced result of that concentration of endeavour without which no single achievement can be perfectly compassed. His witty, unsympathetic, though in some instances approximately just, attacks upon schools of art, which are essentially alien to his intelligence, have therefore no surprise for us, and may indeed be welcomed for the germs of truth which they contain. This great doctrine, which requires to be worthily enforced in England more than in any other country on earth, he has preached to good purpose, that the conditions under which great works of art may be produced are always with us, and that the riches of art are inexhaustible.

#### HOW TO LOSE AN ELECTION.

WE deal elsewhere with the unfortunate shilly-shallyings of the Liberal-Unionists in the matter of the Southampton election; and there is the less need to say more about this that nobody is likely to lose more by those shilly-shallyings than the Liberal-Unionists themselves. They are not precisely the strongest party in the present welter of English politics; and, if it is established that they cannot be depended upon, why then, in the eloquent language of Captain Marryat's schoolmaster, it will "end in a blow up"—for them. But, though nothing can be more foolish than to attempt, like the *Times* and some other Unionist journals, to minimize the importance of a defeat in a large town

almost at the centre of the Unionist stronghold, the South of England, there is a good deal more to be said on the matter from a purely local point of view. We have been endeavouring for months, and almost for years, to force on the consideration of the leaders of the Unionist party that in local management lies the secret both of success and of failure. It may, perhaps, be necessary (as an amiable dignitary of the Church has found fault with us for using in a purely Pickwickian—that is, literary—sense a phrase about “perishing everlastingly”) to protest beforehand that we mean nothing improper by the following quotation. But a person who has given some attention to political matters for many years in England says, in our hearing, “My dear Sir, local voters at a bye-election do not care a — for the Union, or for Gladstone, or for anything else of the kind.” And while reproving the choice of his expressions, we are inclined to think that, except in certain waves of popular sentiment such as, in different senses, occur about once in six years, and certainly occurred in 1874, 1880, and 1886, he is right. What the party managers in Southampton may have to say to the following remarks we do not pretend to know; but we are pretty sure that, small details excepted, they cannot find fault with our accuracy in matters of fact.

In the first place, Southampton has never been a Tory stronghold. It was till recent years regarded as distinctly Liberal; as late as 1880 two Gladstonians were returned; and the Tory majority at the last election was not four per cent. of the whole voting constituency. In fact, it was like Coventry, distinctly “unsafe.” For this there were many reasons. As often happens in country towns, of what may be called medium size, and of considerable (for their size) commercial activity, with no dominant influence of resident gentry or old-established private mercantile firms, two great corporate interests influence most of the working-class votes. These are the Docks and the South-Western Railway. In the present election the successful candidate represented the Docks and the unsuccessful the Railway. Any Southampton man, even if he had not been on the spot, could pretty nearly have foretold the result. Although it has sometimes, in the good old days, carried elections by sheer force, the South-Western has never been popular in its first terminus, and of late it has been more unpopular than ever. Many of our readers may have read in the *Times* that the election “turned on Didcot,” and may have wondered what on earth this meant. What it meant is simple enough. A few years ago Southampton was stirred to its peaceful entrails by the tidings that the long monopoly of its railway tyrant (which takes about half as long again to reach it as the Great Western and the Great Northern do to reach Swindon and Peterborough, places at the same distance, or nearly so, from London) was going to be broken up. A Company, backed by the Great Western itself, was about to run a line through Newbury, already connected with Didcot and the North, to Winchester, and by an independent line to Southampton, thus giving a straight course to Liverpool, to the North, to Bristol by fast trains, and so forth. The foolish lovers of the picturesque draw long faces over the proposed obliteration of the most picturesque feature of what used to be not long ago, and still is to some extent, one of the most old-fashioned and remarkable sea-fronts of any town in England. The knowing ones winked their wicked eyes and shook their hoary heads and prophesied that it would never come off. The inhabitants of Southampton invested their money. The fears of the first and the hopes of the third class proved equally vain; and only the second chuckled. The line struggled to Winchester, and then, either for want of traffic, or because the great Companies adjusted their differences, or for any other reason, did not struggle any further. But it may well be believed that, as a correspondent of the *Times* vouches in one case, more than one voter, more than a hundred probably, thought of his vanished “Tanner,” and determined to vote, for whomsoever he voted, not for a director of the South-Western Railway. Which the party managers might have anticipated.

Again. The present rector of the mother parish, or at least the principal church of Southampton, is Canon Basil Wilberforce. Canon Wilberforce, like his elder brother Reginald, but not like the Bishop of Newcastle, has carefully avoided the display of any title of the great intellectual power which his father, Bishop Samuel, showed. But he has inherited some share of what the Bishop would not have utterly detested us for calling his “gift of the gab,” and he has (which is much to his credit) worked most diligently among the poor of his parish, which, with its districts, includes most of the poor of the town. Moreover, like other persons who have velleities of prominence with no intellectual power to obtain it, he has identified himself with all the crack-brained fads of the time. Especially he has made himself a “Temperance man,” and for long years he has done his utmost to stir up the strange dregs of fanaticism on such points which exist in Englishmen. He has met with such success that, unless local gossip lies more than local gossip is wont to lie, employers of labour have actually given sober and steady workmen the choice of taking the pledge or starving. It is easy to say that a local firebrand of this kind does not count. It does count; and as a proof we may quote what with singular naïveté the *Daily News* correspondent, rejoicing in his victory, says:—

A prominent Conservative strung across the High Street from his house to his neighbour's a large streamer bearing in red letters the words, “Welcome Guest.” As the sanction of the Mayor had not been given to this it was a contravention of the by-laws, and Canon Wilberforce made an official request for an order for its removal as a possible inducement to

disturbance, saying he was confident that, if it was not taken down by the owner, two hundred men would come from the Docks and do it for him. Its removal, at first refused, was insisted on, and the request was ultimately complied with.

That is to say, to put the dots on the i's, an English gentleman by birth and an English clergyman by position threatens (for this is what it comes to) that a body of roughs shall come to tear down a perfectly harmless political emblem, if it is not by a quibble removed legally. Canon Wilberforce has evidently learnt something from his uncle's fellow-priests in Ireland, and his own friends the Nonconformist screw-workers in Wales.

Now this is disgraceful enough, of course, but the disgracefulness of it is not what we are aiming at. The point is that, without better preparation than was made, it was madness to spring an election on a constituency in such a state. The Separatists appear to have managed very well. Taught by their disastrous failure at the next Hampshire borough, Winchester, where a few months ago they imported Irish spouters by the dozen only to be soundly beaten, they carefully avoided running the election on anything like a Home Rule line. They worked the dislike to the South-Western, the Didcot grudge, and the Temperance folly almost exclusively, relying otherwise on a sisterhood composed of the usual Amy Manders and Mrs. Batesons, of “Mrs. Wilfrid Blunt” (as the *Poll Mall Gazette* writes), and of the wife of the now elected member, of whom we at least shall say nothing uncomplimentary. Southampton, being an amiable town, is very subject to these feminine graces. Nor would it appear that anything was gained, while something was certainly lost, by the suddenness of the election. The stupider sort of electioneers always believe in this kind of cunning, but it never answers. “Mrs. Wilfrid Blunt's” husband probably gained several hundred votes at Deptford, though he did not gain the seat, by his absence; and Mr. Evans, even if he had not been able to telegraph that he was bringing several more steamboat fleets to Southampton without the inconvenience of being subject to heckling on that subject, probably lost nothing by his. Indeed, he must have gained; for, as a man of business, he cannot be a serious Home Ruler, and it might have been awkward if he had been forced to confess the fact.

We have gone into these details merely for the purpose of founding a general conclusion upon them, or rather a fresh application of the general conclusion which we have so often enforced. And that conclusion is twofold. First, it is—except at general elections in a time of excitement, and sometimes even then—hopeless to contest a seat under the present extended suffrage on a merely imperial and general platform. Secondly, the local party managers need continual consultation on the one hand and continual control on the other from head-quarters. What is meant by this last caution can be easily explained. It is not sufficient for the heads of the party to consult this or that local wirepuller, and say “Who is your man?” They ought to go further and inform themselves, independently of the local wirepullers, if possible, what are the questions which excite most interest locally, and what is the attitude or connexion of the candidate on or with these questions. They ought to make sure that the constituency has been well prepared, and that there is no fringe of waverers which can be influenced by a pulpit spouter or a street Duchess of Devonshire. They should never precipitate an election unless they are satisfied on these points, and never hesitate even to precipitate one when they are satisfied. It may be said that all this is superfluous and degrading trouble. We have only to answer that the present state of the electorate may receive as many hard adjectives as anybody pleases. We could add harder if we chose. But we have to deal with it as it is, and not as it is not, and any supposition that it is as it was sixty, thirty, even three years ago, can only result in utter disaster. We have made what those who talk of “Mrs. Wilfrid Blunt” would probably call “a Frankenstein,” and we must treat him Frankensteinishly.

#### THE STORY OF THE LONDON POLICE.

##### III.

THE merest casual observer cannot fail to have noticed the striking change which has come over the Metropolitan Police within the last ten or twelve years. Organized as a purely civil force, our constabulary has of late been metamorphosed into a semi-military body, with certain points of resemblance to the police of Germany and Russia. In times of great excitement it is not unusual to see the Berlin mounted police lay about them with their cutlasses. This was particularly noticeable during the memorable Einzug—the triumphal entry of troops in the spring of 1871, after the conclusion of the peace with France. The scene of this outrage was Unter den Linden; the heinous offence of the people, that of pressing forward to catch a glimpse of the Emperor William and of the present Kaiser, just returned from France laden with honours. Our mounted patrols, referred to in the superior officers' reports to which we have already alluded, are not unlike the horse police or gendarmes of Berlin and St. Petersburg. We might prefer the model to be that of the Spanish “Civil Guards,” admittedly the most perfect body of mounted gendarmes in the world. Some of our mounted police, it is true, leave little to desire as regards their bearing in the



saddle, and they have had of late ample opportunities of showing what they are made of.

The London police are subjected—and, we are bound to add, sometimes rightly so—to the most hostile criticism. But when we come to consider from what source the force is necessarily recruited, we are bound to confess that it is little short of marvellous that, invested as they are with authority of a most important character, they should exercise their powers in so singularly a judicial and temperate manner. Of course they have their faults—of course they have their weaknesses. Who has not? One of the most dangerous of these faults is the inherent tendency implanted in the constable's mind to "swear up to the mark." As to this famous John Townshend, giving evidence before a House of Commons Committee in 1817, said:—"I have, with every attention that man can bestow, watched the conduct of various persons who have given evidence against their fellow-creatures for life and death, not only at the Old Bailey but on the Circuits. I consider officers as dangerous creatures, who have it frequently in their power (no question about it) to turn the scale, when the beam is level, to the other side. He swears against the wretched man at the bar; and why? Because that thing (nature says profit) is in the scale; and, melancholy to relate, but I cannot help being perfectly satisfied, he has been the means of convicting many and many a man. I have always been of opinion that an officer is a dangerous subject of the community." Things have happily changed for the better since the celebrated Bow Street runner gave this evidence; but the tendency we have referred to still remains, and always will remain, under the present condition of affairs.

It is a common ground of complaint against the police that there have been, of late years, far too many undiscovered murders—some of them apparently of the simplest character. It is only fair, however, to remember the saying of Edgar Allan Poe, that the difficulties of tracking out a crime are increased in exact proportion to the apparent simplicity of the circumstances. Every detail adds to the chance of finding the true clue. In many cases the details are so scanty that the chances of success must necessarily be extremely small; and it is most unfair to blame the police if luck does not help them to sift mysteries which, without its aid, are absolutely insoluble.

#### RACING.

**W**ELL-WISHERS to the turf ought to feel satisfaction at observing that the new race-meetings with their enormous stakes have not, except in one or two instances, ruined the old ones. Some little time ago Chester races seemed doomed, and the meeting went down hill until it had become a mere parody of what it had been in former days. This month, however, it revived in a wonderful manner. The attendance was excellent; the racing was good of its kind; and although the field for the Cup consisted of only a dozen, it was the largest that had started for that race for as many years. The fact that 9,000 telegraphic messages were sent from Chester on the Cup day showed that a keen interest must have been taken in the race, for only about 200 more telegrams were despatched from Epsom on the last Derby day. It was satisfactory to see the Chester Cup won by a horse that had trained on till he was seven years old, and was giving weight to all his opponents, two or three of which were of a very fair class. Hitherto Kinsky had been generally looked upon as only a "miler," but he can evidently stay, at any rate over a twisting course. It was the prettiest race for the Chester Cup that has been seen for some years.

The important meeting at Kempton Park on the Friday and the Saturday made the week's racing a very heavy one. Mr. Vyner's Derby candidate, Crowberry, came out for and won the Grand Prize. Much as he was liked, he was not made first favourite, as he had to give 16 lbs. to Mr. Houldsworth's Neapolis, a colt by Springfield out of Napoli, that had never run in public before, but had the reputation of having been highly tried with Briar-root, the winner of the One Thousand. Neapolis is a well-made colt, with good shoulders and strong loins and quarters. He got a capital start, kept in a forward position throughout the early part of the race, and took the lead at the bend. Crowberry, on the contrary, made a waiting race, gradually improved his position from the bend, made his effort inside the distance, and won by a length from the favourite. The immediate effect of the race, so far as the Derby was concerned, was to send Crowberry from 14 to 1 to less than half that price. We dealt with the Jubilee Stakes last week. As a rule, the race which precedes a great handicap or other important race is a very minor affair. This was not the case before the Jubilee Stakes, as its immediate forerunner was the Great Breeders' Produce Stakes, which was worth 1,654*l*. This race was won easily, by three lengths, by the favourite, "Mr. E. Wardour's" Present Alms, a colt that had begun his career by losing two races, and had then won a race on each of two successive days at Newmarket.

Present Alms's victory took place on the Saturday at Kempton. On the following Tuesday the Newmarket Second Spring Meeting began, and we again had Present Alms a hot favourite, or rather a much hotter favourite. It was for the Dyke Plate, and, although he was giving from 13 lbs. to 16 lbs. to everything in the race, 5 to 2 was laid on him. He jumped off in front the moment the flag fell and made the running as far as the rails.

On entering them a chestnut filly called Gulbeyaz, that had started at 10 to 1, came up to him, soon got the best of it, and won very easily by a length. The winner, who belongs to Lord Durham, is a beautiful filly by Bend Or, being full of quality combined with ample substance. In the opinion of some critics she is the best looking two-year-old that has been out this season; others consider her a trifle too long in the back; at any rate, she was a cheap yearling at 430 guineas. It would have been well if this had been the only severe reverse which befel the backers. Unfortunately, Lord Londonderry's filly Wenonah, who had won the Mostyn Two-Year-Old Plate at Chester in a canter by four lengths after starting only third favourite at 7 to 1, now came out for a hundred-pound sweepstakes, and odds of nearly 3 to 1 were laid on her; but, to the consternation of the plungers, the filly finished last instead of first, and the race was won by Mr. Lefevre's Hautbois, by Flageolet out of the One Thousand winner, Hauteur. The race of the day was the Payne Stakes, and it was much regretted that the Derby colt Galors was not to be opposed by a better field. Indeed, the form represented by his five adversaries was of a miserable description, and he had only 3 lbs. extra to carry; so to start with 3 to 1 laid on him, and to win in a common canter by three lengths, was no feather in his cap under the circumstances. Nevertheless, he rose several points in the Derby betting after this performance. Probably his increased favouritism for the great race was owing rather to the satisfaction which he gave in the paddock, and his style of going, than to his victory over such a field. Lord Randolph Churchill won another race with his black two-year-old filly, L'Abbesse de Jouarre, by Trappist. She won the odds that were laid on her easily, at last, after she had been unexpectedly pressed for a time by Mr. D. Baird's Clodpole, a great, overgrown, but very promising colt by Springfield, that his owner purchased at the Royal Paddocks last year for 520 guineas. If he keeps well, he is likely to improve very greatly on the form he showed in this race.

On the Wednesday Mr. Benzon's racing stud was offered for sale, and good prices were given for some of the lots. A couple of promising two-year-olds—Barkham, by Foxhall, and Hazlemere, by Gialopin—were bought in at 3,100 guineas each. Genuine bids of 3,000 were made for both of them. Last year they had cost 1,500 and 1,100 guineas. Carrasco, a four-year-old with questionable forelegs, for whom Mr. Benzon is said to have given several thousands, pleased the buyers so little that he was bought in for 390 guineas. Guadiana, who had cost 1,750 guineas, only made 175; but, as she has become a bad roarer, it was wonderful that she should fetch so much. The two-year-olds sold well, as one dozen of the dozen and a half which Mr. Benzon had purchased last year from Mr. Peck at 8,000 guineas now made 7,910 guineas. To show the risks of horse-buying, we may observe that Captain Macbell purchased one of Mr. Benzon's two-year-olds for 1,000 guineas, and sold it afterwards at a profit to Mr. Leopold de Rothschild. The very next morning the colt split his pastern at exercise, putting a stop to all hopes of his winning races for some time to come. The same morning, another two-year-old, Lord Londonderry's Verdigris, the winner of the Hyde Park Plate of 500*l*. at Epsom, did the same thing. The racing on the Wednesday was of moderate interest; but there were some fine finishes, especially for the Breeders' Plate for two-year-olds, the first favourite, General Pearson's beautiful and powerful chestnut filly Carmine, winning by a head from Mr. Abington's British Prince, a colt of some promise, but scarcely of the highest class. Carmine, however, ran in such excellent style, and with so much gameness, that she was afterwards sold to Mr. Valentine—it was said for 2,000 guineas.

Backers began badly on the Thursday by making Baron de Rothschild's Prudence first favourite for the Flying Handicap, as the battle lay entirely between Sweet Alice, Braw Lass, and Franciscan, who ran an excellent race, Sweet Alice winning by a neck from Braw Lass, who was only a head in front of Franciscan. The winner's victory was the more provoking to backers because they had plunged upon her for the first race of the meeting, when she had been beaten in a canter by half a dozen lengths, by Prelude. Not for the first time did the public lose their money by backing Financier, when they made him first favourite for the All-Aged Selling Plate. He was absolutely last, and the race was won by Lord Penrhyn's Primrose Dame. The unfortunate Financier had won four races as a two-year-old, and, at one time, it was supposed that he was very smart; but he soon took to losing races, and as a three-year-old he never won any; on the contrary he lost six in the course of the season. This year he has already lost three, and so disgusted was his owner with his last performance that he sold him after the race for 25*l*. Mr. Combe's Maxim, who had run well for the Jubilee Stakes, was brought out against Lord Fitzwilliam's Spring Jack for a Plate of 200*l*. The pair had run together last autumn for a Plate of the same value, when Maxim had beaten Spring Jack by a neck, the race being won by Whitefriar. In both cases they were meeting at weight for age. Six to four was laid on Maxim, who won this time in a canter by fifteen lengths, his opponent having been pulled up. Nine horses came out for the Newmarket Handicap. It was generally thought that the 5 lbs. extra which Theodore had earned by the Great Cheshire Handicap would be too much for him, and Shillelagh was made a better favourite. Seven horses were backed at prices varying from 3 to 1 up to 8 to 1, and even the two other starters were backed at 10 and 12 to 1. Very rarely are all the candidates in a handicap of as many as nine horses so much fancied; and it proved the

excellence of Major Egerton's work, so far as theory was concerned. In practice it was not so evenly balanced a handicap as had been expected, as Theodore won easily by four lengths from The Baron, who finished a long way in front of Jersey Lily. A great blunder was made by backers over a Selling Plate for two-year-olds. They laid odds on Dovecot, who ran only fourth, the race being fought out between three horses, against each of whom 12 to 1 was laid. Sir T. Lennard's filly Ringlet, the first of the stock of Lord Falmouth's Ringleader to run in public, won by a head from Agnes Hewitt, who was only half a length in front of Symphony. The last race of the meeting, the Exning Plate of 500*l.*, brought out a very fair field of ten, and it was won by the first favourite, Lord Durham's Gulbeyaz, the winner of the Dyke Plate on the Tuesday.

On the Friday, at Windsor, the May Plate of 700*l.* only attracted five two-year-olds, not one of whom had won a race. Odds were laid on Mr. Abington's Isleworth, who had cost 1,200 guineas as a yearling, on the strength of a reported private trial, while 10 to 1 was laid against Mr. Quartermain East's Kaikoura, who won by ten lengths. On the following day Captain Macell won the St. George's Plate of 500*l.* with the two-year-old, Fair Marion, whom he had purchased three days earlier at Mr. Benzon's sale for 1,550 guineas. She won by a head from Aristos, who had a 7 lbs. allowance, and by half a length from the Duke of Portland's Deschamps, the winner of a race at the Newmarket Second Spring Meeting.

Manchester races began on Wednesday. The opening of a Club Stand and lawn is a decided improvement to that meeting. Lord Penrhyn's Noble Chieftain, for whom he had lately given 3,100 guineas, was easily beaten, for a stake of 100 guineas, by the plating gelding, Lobster. On the other hand, Mr. J. O'Neill's The Rejected, who was commonly considered a dear purchase at 1,450 guineas last December, almost repaid his purchase money in stakes alone, when he added the Salford Borough Handicap of 98*l.* to the 400*l.* that he had won at the Newmarket First Spring Meeting. There was a very fine and close finish between The Rejected, True Blue II., and King Monmouth. This trio jumped off with the lead when the flag fell, and held it to the end. The disappointing Florentine had been the first favourite, but only ran sixth. Between this performance and his defeat for the Jubilee Stakes at Kempton, after starting second favourite, he must have cost his backers a fortune already this season; nor will they have forgotten that he failed them three times, when first favourite, last year. We began this article by noticing the venerable Chester Meeting. Another time-honoured meeting came off this week at Bath. The racing may not have been of its former importance, but the attendance and the weather have been all that could be wished.

#### DRAMATIC RECORD.

IF melodrama must be played, it is a great thing to find pieces of the variety which, if not entirely, at least to a considerable extent, differ from the set type. *The Ben-my-Chree*—an adaptation of Mr. Hall Caine's novel, *The Deemster*—does not make a particularly good play, its deficiencies being an absence of light to mitigate the persistent shade, a poverty of humour, and that want of real dramatic vigour which must always be felt when plots are founded upon the peculiar customs of isolated people, and not upon the broad and eternal emotions which are common and comprehensible to all civilized humanity. When playwrights deem it essential to add an abstruse "Author's Note" to their playbill, explaining and defending the action of their characters, they make a confession of weakness. The Canon Law of Purgation, the Oath of Compurgation, the powers respectively of the Civil Court of the Barony and of the Ecclesiastical Court in which Manx bishops acted as judges and juries, are all important subjects to the student of jurisprudence; but they require to be very carefully handled when the plot of a drama turns upon them. There is, for instance, a humorous side to the proceedings of some of the chief personages in this new play. The Deemster, a prominent Justice of the Peace, and the Governor, who somewhat resembles a Chairman of Quarter Sessions—the Local Government Bill has not yet destroyed old associations—do not seem to know their powers. They represent, not exactly the cause of vice—but, at any rate, the side with which the audience does not sympathize. The Bishop, on the other hand, aids the cause of hero and heroine, and it is quaint, if not absolutely comic, to see how, when the disagreeable people seem to be having things all their own way, the Bishop arises, and, after making a few pungent remarks about the powers of the Church Courts (concerning which the Deemster's knowledge appears to be, under the circumstances, reprehensibly small), proceeds to circumvent the tyrants. The Bishop, so to speak, always seems to have a trump card up his sleeve. Far be it from us to hint that his lordship does not correctly interpret his rights. The accuracy of the law is vouched for by Sir James Gell, Attorney-General in the Isle of Man, and he is an authority. Our contention is that plays which turn on such complications as these have in them an element of feebleness.

The characters of *Ben-my-Chree* have also too strong a tendency to assume the familiar shape of melodramatic personages. We do not find precisely that well-nigh invariable figure, the hero who has been accused of a crime he never committed; but Dan Mylrea, the good Bishop's son and the nephew of the harsh and vindictive Deemster, is a very near approach to this type. He is, in fact,

made responsible for what is not his crime; for, though it is true that he kills Ewan Mylrea, the Deemster's son, his sweetheart, Mona's brother, and his own cousin, Ewan falls not only in fair fight, but in a combat which he has provoked and insisted upon. Ewan has seen his sister's bedroom window open and a man escape from it; he has recognized Dan, and he draws inferences which are incorrect, though perfectly natural; so, avoiding action and consequent scandal for the moment, Ewan waits till Dan returns next day from a fishing expedition, and, obliging him to fight a duel with knives, is killed. Thereupon Dan meets the fate of melodramatic heroes in general. His cousin Mona has likewise a familiar part to play, for every melodramatic Jack has his Jill, married or maiden; while the Governor of the island, Mr. Harcourt, assumes the inevitable features of the villain of the play, persecuting the lovers for the old reason that he adores the heroine. Heroes of melodrama always have a faithful low-comedy friend; here he is in Davy Fayle. The audience is induced to cheer for the sympathetic characters and believe in them because of the enthusiasm they create on the stage, and Dan has his attendant crowd of devoted fishermen; in short, in all essentials the old lines are followed, though the fact is disguised so well under an essay on the Law of Purgation, and so forth, that we have admitted the existence of variation from the conventional lines.

Mr. Hall Caine's novel is to a great extent a study of character, but the play is one of incident and emotion. It is briefly indicated that Dan Mylrea has been wild and wilful; except, however, that he relates an ugly story about his passionate slaughter of a couple of oxen that were beaten in a ploughing match, he really does nothing that a hero of melodrama may not do. A leading incident of the piece, the fight upon the cliffs between Ewan and Dan, is very effectively managed, and here Mr. Wilson Barrett exhibits with considerable skill Dan's gradual abandonment of restraint under the taunts and insults of his adversary. We do not remember having seen Mr. Barrett do anything better than this. The scene of the inquest is made somewhat impressive by its novelty. It is held on a spot among the mountains, presided over by the Governor and the Deemster, who take their seats on a rock above the crowd; for all which there is doubtless authority. The Bishop, whose characteristic points we have described, sits by making no sign while witnesses give, or refuse to give, evidence against his son. In spite of her father's threats, Mona will not speak; but suddenly Dan himself appears and confesses his crime. The Deemster is about to take action—whether to pass immediate sentence of death or not Sir James Gell perhaps only knows—when the Bishop arises, and in a manner which might very easily have become ludicrous in the hands of a less practised and expert actor than Mr. John Maclean, motions Deemster and Governor to descend from their pedestal, which they do with no particular dignity; whereupon he mounts the mound, and, claiming supreme power as the only Baron of the Isle, proceeds to pass sentence on his guilty son. He is doomed to be an outcast placed beyond the pale of all human sympathy. The sentence has been described as one of ruthless boycotting, and the incident is made really striking by the earnestness of Mr. Maclean as he solemnly addresses the throng of islanders grouped below him. This, it will be perceived, leads the way to another effective scene, when Dan is found in a lonely fastness of the mountain. Here he has lived, cut off from all human intercourse, till the faithful Davy, regardless of the doom he incurs, tracks his master out. But what follows is feeble in the extreme. We are invited to suppose that the Governor, whose passion for Mona has been described, gives the unhappy girl the disagreeable choice between marrying him and being accused of unchastity; and it is further assumed—indeed asserted—that her father acquiesces in the abominable business; and this is trying our credulity rather too severely. The Bishop, however, is equal to the occasion. He will permit Mona to take the Oath of Compurgation; if she swears she is innocent, and her accuser cannot prove her guilt, heavy penalties fall upon him; and this she does swear; moreover, Dan appears to confirm her asseveration, though by so doing he invites a death sentence which by these odd laws no one can repeal. Does Sir James Gell, we wonder, support this view? If the Bishop has power to bind, has he not power to unbind? If not, can he not lay the case before his monarch with the very strongest recommendation of pardon? We feel, in fact, that Dan's condemnation to death for doing this virtuous action is simply a trick to impose upon us, and therefore we are not in the least afflicted. However, Mona dies of the disease which is always fatal to heroines when their death is considered desirable by the dramatist, Dan is cast for execution, and the wicked Governor is led off to prison by the Bishop's commands.

Points of the acting have been already indicated. Mr. Wilson Barrett is better than usual, less given to pose and preach, more natural, and therefore more effective. Mr. Maclean is very good, and Mr. George Barrett no doubt would be if he had the chance, but his part is a poor one. Miss Eastlake probably carries out the author's intentions. There is no fault whatever to be found with her; only of late years we have seen her in the direst and most unmitigated distress so very frequently that the spectacle has ceased greatly to move us. Surely Mr. Austin Melford overdoes the Deemster's cruelty? The scenery is rather picturesque and moderately well painted, though more might have been made of it.

At the Lyceum there has been a change of programme which does not well exhibit the resources of Mr. Henry Irving's



theatre. Admitting, as we cordially do, that interest attaches to whatever Mr. Irving undertakes, we are constrained to add that, except perhaps as Werner—a part which can scarce be made tolerable by the art of man—he has seldom been seen to so little advantage as now in *Robert Macaire*. We will spare readers variations of the familiar essay on Frédéric, which is almost inseparably associated with the *Auberge des Adrets*, and come at once to the English Macaire. It seems to us that he strikes a wrong key when he makes his first appearance. He and his wretched little satellite, Jacques Strop, are too preposterously shabby and ragged. Macaire's crownless, battered old hat, the absurdly patched trousers or tights, the torn coat, exceed the limits of farce. Strop is, if possible, worse. He looks as if he had borrowed his attire from a scarecrow. Surely such beggars as the pair seem to be would not be admitted to a decent tavern. Macaire might be ludicrously shabby without going beyond the bounds of reason. His manner is almost as extravagant as his clothes. There is no doubt much genuine humour in the rascal's assumption of superiority and consequence; but this would be none the less diverting if his air and aspect were not so utterly incongruous. The constant reference to Strop as "my noble and illustrious friend" is really irritating in its stupidity, and Strop's tricks, such as getting under the table during the breakfast with the *gens-d'armes*, are too poor for any theatrical entertainment except a harlequinade. We are among the most ardent of Mr. Irving's admirers, but cannot disguise from ourselves the fact that this farce is beneath his dignity, or help feeling a little ashamed of ourselves for laughing at it when, as sometimes happens, his keen sense of humour irresistibly occasions mirth. There is one very striking and beautiful point in Mr. Irving's performance, the moment when he speaks to his son whom he admires, and who does not know him; but this, like the death scene, is too far from the key in which the part as a whole is set. Mr. Weedon Grossmith as Strop has only to look timid, to start in affright at the sound of the creaking snuff-box with which the robust villain cautions him to put as bold a face as possible on threatening occurrences, and to submit to the kicks and buffets which Macaire showers upon him. The other personages of the play are shadows. There is something almost humiliating in the task of an actor who has to do such work as is here allotted to Sergeant Loupy—to sit at breakfast and take no notice when, at a reference to prison, Strop tries to run away or to secrete himself beneath the tablecloth.

Mr. Calmoun's *Amber Heart* is based upon rather a pretty idea; and, considering what a trifle it is, it may be said that the author has not constructed it badly. Miss Ellen Terry plays the part of Ellaline in a way which shows that her sympathetic feelings are deeply enlisted on behalf of the girl who throws away the talisman which guards her from the pangs of love, and so permits these pangs to make inroad into her heart; till at length, when she has tasted the bitterness of unrequited affection, the amulet is recovered from the lake into which she has flung it, and her insensibility returns. There is a grace and poetry about Miss Terry's interpretation which at times makes us almost forget how slight the piece is and dissipates a growing tediousness. A poetical play should be something more than pretty; and, besides, it should be poetical. To describe "eventide" as "dewy" shows a treading in the beaten track, and there are other phrases as far removed from what may now be permitted to pass as poetry. We do not want to condemn Mr. Calmoun harshly. He has, at any rate, provided Miss Terry with a part which enables her to display some of her most charming attributes, and to do this is to do much. The expression on Miss Terry's face which gives occasion for the line "Her smile is far more piteous than tears" is an inspiration. The whole, however, is unsatisfying. Mr. Alexander very skillfully falls into the spirit of the trifle in his performance of the troubadour Silvio. His polite indifference to Ellaline's fervid protestations is very well conceived. Mr. Hermann Vezin of course gives to Coranto's utterances all the significance of which they are capable. That is not a convincing speech, by the way, in which Coranto reminds Silvio that to him who stands upon a high cliff the men at its foot seem pigmies; and it is perhaps because he feels its emptiness that Mr. Vezin in his delivery reminds us somewhat too strongly that he has gained reputation as an elocutionist.

*The Don* at "Toole's Theatre" continues its run with remarkable success. Mr. Cautley, replacing Mr. Gardiner, plays the hero lightly and excellently. His singing of the much-loved "Viva la Compagnie" is capital. The other parts in the cast "remain as they were," but have gained force and insight. It will be curious and amusing to see what the two Universities think of "The Don" *in loco*.

#### THE STOCK EXCHANGE AND THE NEW TAXES.

THE publication last week of a memorandum by the Board of Inland Revenue explanatory of the new stamp duties applicable to the Stock Exchange caused a flurry of excitement for the moment, which, however, has almost entirely disappeared. It will be in the recollection of our readers that the Chancellor of the Exchequer in his Budget speech announced the imposition of a duty of 1*l.* per 1,000*l.* upon the issue of new capital, whether by new or by old Companies; the imposition, likewise, of a sixpenny stamp duty on contract-notes, and the imposition of a shilling per

cent. upon foreign shares, stocks, and bonds. Very little interest was excited by the imposition of the new tax upon the issue of capital, and the interest in the new taxes upon foreign shares and bonds is limited almost to the *arbitrage* dealers—that is, the dealers who buy abroad for sale in London, or *vice versa*. The chief interest last week was excited by the imposition of a sixpenny stamp duty on contract-notes. Heretofore a penny duty covered every contract-note, no matter how many securities might have been dealt in, or how large the sums expended. Henceforward a sixpenny stamp will have to be affixed to every contract-note, and every security bought or sold is to be regarded as a separate contract-note. Consequently, if ten different securities are dealt in, they may all be recorded in the same contract-note, but the note must bear ten different stamps, or their equivalent, of sixpence each. Further, a sixpenny duty upon every transaction is required when transactions are "continued." As our readers know, purchases and sales upon the Stock Exchange are usually effected for the following settlement. If, however, the buyer is not then prepared to pay for what he has bought, or the vendor is not prepared to deliver what he has sold, the transaction is continued till the following settlement; and these various continuations may go on, settlement after settlement, for any length of time, a sum being paid by the buyer or seller, as the case may be, for continuing. The transaction is usually recorded as a sale and purchase. For example; A. B. buys one hundred shares for the next settlement, and wishes to "carry over" then till the following settlement. His broker on settling-day remits to him a contract-note, in which one hundred shares are entered first as sold for the immediate settlement, and then as bought for the following settlement. This being so, the sixpenny duty would be payable twice on each settlement; so that, if a speculator buys for next settlement, he has not only to pay the sixpenny duty on every transaction now entered into, but he has to pay a shilling duty for the same transactions when the settling-day comes, and at every subsequent settlement until the transaction is finally closed he will have to pay another shilling. The members of the Stock Exchange were at first apprehensive that this increase of taxation would have the effect of checking business; but the fear is now generally regarded as ill-founded. Speculators, it is argued, will not be deterred by so small a duty from operating, when, in fact, they risk every day in their transactions hundreds, or it may be thousands, of pounds. The real objection to the tax is that it is uniform; it falls quite as heavily upon the very small investor or the small speculator as upon the very largest operators in the market. It would probably be replied by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, so far as the small speculator is concerned, that it is desirable to put obstacles in his way; he is not a person who can well afford to gamble, and if he is deterred by taxation from engaging in risky business so much the better for himself. There may be some force in this, although we might retort that it is not the business of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to shape his taxation for the purpose of making people virtuous and prudent; but in any case the reply does not cover the case of the small investor. The small investor who may have only a hundred pounds or so to invest has to pay as heavy a duty as the man who invests a hundred thousand; and the same remark applies to the duty upon foreign shares and bonds. We can hardly regard as serious the argument of the *arbitrage* dealers that so light a duty will materially injure business; but it is undoubtedly an objection that a share which is selling for only, let us say, ten pounds, is taxed as heavily as a share selling for one hundred pounds, provided the two are of the same nominal amount. It is clear that in this case the taxation of the first share is ten times as heavy as the taxation on the second.

Perhaps one of the reasons why interest in the new taxation has so greatly subsided is that business upon the Stock Exchange is less active than it has been for nearly three years. A couple of months ago the conversion of the Three per Cents led to a great deal of business. Many holders of the Three per Cents were unwilling to accept a lower rate of interest. They sold their Three per Cents, therefore, and bought securities that would give them a little higher, or at least an equal, return. This led to a very rapid rise in sound investment securities, and to a very considerable shifting of investments, and the general expectation was that the shifting of investments would go on for a considerable time. Those who sold Colonial bonds and railway debenture and preference stocks, it was argued, would buy something else. They were tempted to sell only by the high prices to which their old holdings had risen, and they would now invest in some other security not regarded as quite so safe, but which would give them a slightly higher return; the persons who sold these securities would in their turn have to look out for some other investments that would give a higher, or at least an equal, return; and so the shifting of investments would go on until it gradually reached the more or less speculative classes of investments, and then, ultimately, the simply speculative would be affected. The argument appeared sound, but, nevertheless, the expectation has not been realized. Investment business has become smaller and smaller, and the rise in securities that was so marked just before Easter has come to an end. Partly this is due to the fact that prices are already so high that many intending investors are keeping their money idle, in the hope that they may be able to buy on more advantageous terms; and they are strengthened in the hope because of the political state of the Continent. If war breaks out prices of all kinds will certainly fall, and even if war does not break out scares may occur which may lead to a lower range of prices. Another reason

perhaps, of the early termination of the rise in investment securities is the magnitude of the war loans all over the Continent this year. It will be recollected that some months ago Germany borrowed about fourteen millions sterling; the Austro-Hungarian Delegations are to be called together to vote an extraordinary credit immediately; it is known that a very considerable expenditure by the Austro-Hungarian Government has been going on all through the winter, and it is believed that a large part, if not the whole, of the money to be voted has already been found. There is again a heavy expenditure both by France and by Russia, though there has been no open borrowing; Italy, the Balkan States, and even Belgium are likewise borrowing for military purposes, and ourselves have at last been compelled to follow the general example. Taken separately, none of these loans would have a material effect upon the markets for securities, but, taken altogether, they sum up to a very considerable amount. They lessen by so much the amount of the annual savings of the world which are available for investment in Stock Exchange securities. Of the whole supply of money that is available for Stock Exchange purposes, a considerable proportion has been diverted to enable Governments to increase their military expenditure. Add to this that an extraordinary issue of new loans and new Companies has been going on all through the year. In London, particularly, the number of Companies registered this year is almost unexampled. Of course, very many of the Companies registered will never be brought out, and of those brought out very many will not get the capital for which they apply, but still the fact remains that an extraordinary number of new Companies is being brought out, and is absorbing the capital that would otherwise have been employed in purchasing old existing securities. Lastly, the uncertainty as to peace or war is checking all enterprise.

The state of the New York Stock Exchange unquestionably also is adversely affecting the stock markets of Europe. It had been hoped that before now there would have been a marked recovery upon the New York Exchange. All through last year prices declined, although trade was good and the earnings of the railways exceedingly satisfactory. It was argued, therefore, that the falling off in trade and earnings now occurring had been discounted, and that, as improvement has to be looked forward to in the future, there would be an early and rapid recovery; but, as a matter of fact, prices are still declining. Whereas, foreign Government bonds, which would be most adversely affected by the outbreak of a great European war, are exceptionally high, American railroad securities which, in the opinion of most persons would be benefited by the outbreak of a great European war, are much lower than they were at the end of 1886. The causes of this are various. There is, first, the uncertainty as to whether Congress will reduce the tariff or not, with the consequent uncertainty as to what will be the state of the money market a few months hence. Then there is uncertainty as to whether railroad building will be resumed upon a large scale, and, lastly, there is the fear that the Presidential election campaign, which is now beginning, may divert popular attention entirely from business. Further, there appears to be no doubt that some of the railway Companies in the West and North-West have added too rapidly to their mileage during the past two or three years, and consequently there is a fear that they may be compelled to cease paying dividends. That some of them will have to lower their rates of dividend is indeed generally expected, but that any will have to stop paying dividends altogether seems doubtful. The fear, however, is entertained, and, added to all the other causes to which we have referred, it helps to account for the depression in the market. Lastly, the Government returns make it clear that the condition of the winter wheat crop all through the Union is exceedingly bad. Of course it is too early yet to anticipate what the harvest will be, and deficiencies in the winter wheat crop may be made good by a large spring wheat crop; but all the same, the unsatisfactory state of the crop is used by speculators for the fall to aid their attacks upon the market. The result of all this is to deter speculators from dealing in American railroad securities, and thus to lessen the amount of business done upon the Stock Exchange.

#### THE PICTURE GALLERIES.

(Final Notice.)

WE have already mentioned M. Carolus-Duran's "Monsieur Pasteur" (153) as the highest flight of style in the Academy. It seems, moreover, an excellent portrait, if we may judge by the unity of its aspect, the subtlety of its characterization of form, and the exactness of the relation in colour between hair, eyes, skin, &c., which gives it so recognizable and convincing a general complexion. This eminent painter also sends a full-length of a lady in red velvet, "Comtesse di Rigo" (494), a portrait of prodigious strength and breadth. This force owes nothing to exaggeration or false focus, but comes from the great simplicity and truth with which the impression of the large masses of flesh, dress, and background has been conveyed. His pupil, Mr. J. S. Sargent, also plays, as it were, two tunes. "Mrs. E. D. Boit" (432) is a great flourish of bravura; "Mrs. Henry G. Marquand" (365) a quiet and gracefully flowing "Cantilene." The second is perhaps the most unexceptionably charming thing

that Mr. Sargent has painted. There is nothing in the colour or the workmanship that the most captious could call careless, ostentatious, or eccentric, and few will fail to see that they have been inspired by a really sympathetic perception of the character of the sitter. "Mr. C. Somzee" (335), a portrait of a boy with a hoop and a dog, by Mr. Emile Wauters, is no less than these pictures the work of an admirable master of style. Its dignity of manner and its scheme of colour produce an effect of extreme sobriety and lofty coldness. However, its undeniable stateliness seems more directly derived from one master, F. Hals, than the freer and more personal styles of Messrs. Carolus-Duran and Sargent. "La petite Marquise" (1030), of Mr. Albert Aublet, notwithstanding a certain dryness of colour in the silk dress and a want of fascination in the relation of the background to the figure, belongs to a fine order of workmanship and displays a sensitive and vivacious style of modelling in the face and arm. All the foregoing pictures, and the gem of the water-colour room, a boldly handled portrait of herself in the best of pastel conventions by Miss Anna Bilinska (1326), illustrate the modern revival of sanity in technique and distinction in style. These works are by no means the only fine portraits in the Academy. Messrs. F. Holl, H. Herkomer, W. B. Richmond, John Collier, S. J. Solomon, W. Carter, H. G. Herkomer, G. O. Reid, and one or two others have each sent at least one decidedly strong portrait. Dirtiness of colour and clumsiness of touch have caused Mr. Herkomer's shipwreck in all his portraits except that of the "Master of Trinity" (127), which we mentioned in the first notice of the galleries. Mr. Richmond's canvases are unequal, and sometimes go near to displaying the same faults. But in his "Viscountess Hood" (439) the colour becomes clean and luminous, the hardness is modified into firmness, and the affectation turns to distinction of manner, especially in the ample fulness with which the black draperies are arranged. Mr. Holl, in "H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, K.G." (179), and Mr. John Collier, in "The Right Hon. Sir Reginald Hanson, Bart." (198), deal in full lengths and official costumes. Both pictures are solid, strong, and natural; the head in Mr. Collier's portrait is admirably modelled and full of life without being in the least overdone in realization or exaggerated in colour, but the pomp of robes and insignia goes very unhappily with an eye-glass, short hair, and side whiskers. Mr. Carter is inclined to dirtiness and patchiness. "Count de Torre-Diaz" (155) is his best and soberest work, "H. Pickersgill Cunliffe, Esq." (1077) his strongest, while "O. A. Fyffe, Esq." (1094) is about the finest example of dirty colour among work worth speaking about. Mr. Holl is not always free from the fault of exaggerating certain objects in a picture till they unduly attract and seem to mesmerize the eye. Fortunately it is usually the head, as a whole, which is thus treated; but in "John L. Townsend, Esq." (742) the tie and white waistcoat seem to hold one magnetized like a bird under the eye of a reptile. Mr. Oulless is determined to do this with every wrinkle in the face and every object in the picture; the result is chaos and the too frequent destruction of the modelling. His soberest and pleasantest work is the portrait of an old lady with spectacles, "Mrs. Thomas" (379). Bad construction of the forms of the human body is indeed terribly frequent. It is, perhaps, more to be censured when done with a bravado of clever freedom than when the result of looking with a too stupid fixity at details. No one can be so prejudiced in favour of a free style as to accept it when it covers such form as Mr. P. Morris gives us in "Mrs. James Dole and her Infant Daughter" (401). Mr. Morris knows a great deal, and has shown that he can appreciate modern breadth and foreign directness of manner, so that carelessness must account for such mouths, cheeks, arms, legs, and fingers, and such coarse, toneless colour, as he here exhibits on the line. There is no need to compare this feeble looseness with the quick and eloquent certainty of Mr. Sargent's Mrs. Boit, which faces it; a work of the old school which hangs next will better serve our purpose. Whatever may be our predilection for a grand style and speaking technique, we do not undervalue the conscientious work of the older and tighter schools of painting. We would rather have Mr. T. F. Dicksee's somewhat timid and precise "Mrs. C. W. Keighley" (402) than acres of dashing slovenliness. Let any one compare the dresses in the two pictures and the drawing all through, and he will have to admit that Mr. Morris should not attempt suggestion until he attains at least Mr. Dicksee's good drawing and workmanlike and conscientious execution of dress, face, ribbons, flowers, satin, &c.

There is nothing particularly new, bold, or astonishing in landscape-painting at the Academy this year; yet the art moves quietly on the path opened by Constable and the Frenchmen. Mr. J. C. Hook keeps up to his own high level. Of his several pictures, perhaps "Low-Tide Gleanings" (32) and "The Day for the Lighthouse" (254), a new sort of composition with him, are the best examples of his charming mellowness of colour and delectable unity of tone. Mr. Henry Moore's "Nearing the Needles; Return of Fine Weather after a Gale" (62), occupies a place worthy of its beautiful colour. The white foreland, warmed by a low sun, contrasts finely with the deep rich blue of the sea. Mr. Colin Hunter's fresh and bright "Meeting of the Waters" (14) is also one of the good marines. Mr. E. Ellis's "Wild Weather, West Hartlepool" (736), seems to be a strong picture; but it is so terribly skied as to be practically invisible. Mr. Alexander Harrison's fine study of waves—"Moonrise" (318)—is scarcely better treated, and Mr. Mark Fisher's large landscape, "Marlow Meadows" (1056), is high



above the line, though with a less evil result. Mr. David Murray's tame and spotty "In Dartmouth Harbour (1054), in spite of its doubtful values, of course occupies a place on the line, as well as his more pleasantly coloured, but sadly niggled, landscape, "All adown a Devon Valley" (132). This picture embraces too large a field of view, and its numerous constituents are all rendered with a uniform and mechanical precision. Without being niggled, Mr. Rouse's "Pasture-land, Kent" (515), and Mr. Claude Hayes's "Near Arundel, Sussex" (702), are partly spoilt, in company with other pictures, by stiff foreground forms which seem to block the entrance. Mr. Hayes has got a really fine feeling of weather in his aerial distance, which he almost neutralizes by the inartistic blunder of bringing the near-hand reeds into a powerful focus. Painters too often turn a camera on to details, and afterwards use the photographs in their pictures without altering the force of the definition to suit the impression of a larger field of view. This and similar problems belong to the art of treatment, and they are not to be solved merely by patience, skilful technique, and a love of nature. We shall find them successfully treated in the works of men with a decided feeling for style. Mr. Lemon, for instance, in "Grey Willows in a Hollow Down" (701), indicates grasses, reeds, gorse, and a brown stream with a broad and studied dignity of manner. This apparent emptiness, in reality peopled with suggestions of form and gradations of tone, throws the superbly handled horses into noble but perfectly natural relief. Mr. Alfred East, in his "Frosty Sunset" (492), by boldly emphasizing large features at the expense of small, succeeds in giving a poetical aspect as well as true character to his rendering of a turbulent stream, gloomy pines, and an ominous evening sky. In his small coast marine, "Old Breakwater, Honfleur" (847), Mr. Aubrey Hunt treats foreground rocks, distant figures, houses, flat sands, wind-blown clouds and smoke, with delightful elegance and freedom. With rather less distinction and elegance of manner, Mr. Leslie Thomson in "Early Summer" (719), and Mr. Adrian Stokes in "Upland and Sky" (1024), get this same artistic and effective breadth of treatment. From this list we have omitted very fine and poetical work, some of it even more imaginative than the foregoing, because it offered a less perfect example of consistent and broad use of style. Such are Mr. G. Boughton's magnificently coloured and quite personal view of soft rolling downs and a blue sky—"A Golden Afternoon: Isle of Wight" (102); Mr. J. Farquharson's "Cauld blows the Wind frae East to West" (994), a picture of figures in a storm, full of sentiment, and only requiring a little less colour and a little more breadth in the ground; Mr. Duff Tollemache's broad and robust rendering of reeds and water in a low key of colour—"Reeds and Rushes" (1066); Mr. J. W. Laidlay's picture of a dying swan (647), striking, but perhaps rather forced, in effect; Mr. Peppercorn's pleasantly decorative arrangement of colour, "The Last of the Hay" (334); and Mr. A. W. Hunt's poetical "Wings of the Wind" (730). Mr. Alexander Harrison treats that ordinary subject, "A Rainy Street" (525), with a subtle realism very easily estimated by its effect upon surrounding pictures, which it makes quite unnatural. Comparison of this street scene with such a piece of good, ordinary, open-air work as Mr. Logsdail's "St. Martin's-in-the-Fields" (548) cannot fail to give a high idea of Mr. Harrison's power of seizing and presenting those essentials of atmospheric development which carry conviction of a picture's fidelity to nature. Mr. A. Conquest sends gracefully realistic work in "December in Brittany" (4); so do Mr. T. F. Goodall in "The Last of the Ebb" (188); Mr. E. A. Waterlow in "Wolf, Wolf" (121); Mr. D. Farquharson in, "Yellow and Grey" (6); Mr. D. Carr in "The Siren's Rock" (446); Mr. Heath Wilson in "In Maremma" (926); Mr. A. G. Bell in "Autumn Gold" (531); and Mr. Percy Belgrave in "A Northern Landscape" (559). We must add that work of interest in landscape comes from Messrs. Ernest Parton, W. Rattray, E. Elliot, H. Wilkinson, Anderson Hague, J. Aumonier, E. Nichol, and ever so many more. Three large landscapes by Academicians are sure to attract attention. Mr. MacWhirter's "Edinburgh, from St. Anthony's Chapel" (686), has plenty of sentiment, a fine distance, and a good sky, but the foreground would be improved by stronger darks and brighter and cooler lights. It is difficult to assign their due place to pictures like Sir J. Millais's "Murtly Moss, Perthshire" (292), and Mr. Vicat Cole's "Pool of London" (350). Remembering what Sir J. Millais has done, and that at a time when there was little good art in England, one is tempted to rate his present picture too highly. It is, however, rather a work of force and patience than the work of a man with true landscape feeling; and, though one finds little to say against the truth of the facts conveyed, they are not all worth conveying, nor is the style in which they are conveyed imbued with charm or enthusiasm. We must except the sky, however, which is of very agreeable colour, and indeed, were the reeds in the immediate foreground entirely suppressed, in our opinion the picture would gain enormously. Mr. Vicat Cole's large picture is, on the contrary, a work with landscape feeling, and with signs of strenuous effort to follow what to the painter is a new style; yet it is the poorer of the two, for it betrays a lack of ability to see a whole scene, a want of technical education, and an insufficient study of nature.

We may end by summing up a few of the main features of interest in the exhibitions of the Academy, New Gallery, and Grosvenor. At Burlington House we have an unusual profusion of poor work on the line, balanced by some unusually fine specimens of almost classic technique from Messrs. Carolus-Duran,

Sargent, Emile Wauters, and others; by the large and noble efforts of the President and Mr. Solomon; by one or two landscapes and figure subjects in excellent style and taste; and by a fine array of sculpture. The New Gallery is remarkable for its artistic appearance, for excellent hanging and arrangement which make the pictures seem at home, for the large decorations of Mr. Burne-Jones, and for landscape, or landscape with figures, more than usually romantic in conception. Of this Mr. Lemon's pictures of Centaurs are the most notable examples. In the Grosvenor, amongst too much that is weak and commonplace, one enjoys Mr. Clausen's very happy effort at thorough realism; the large pictures of Mr. Reid and Mr. Jacob Hood, and several exquisite landscapes, especially those by Mr. Hennessey and Mr. Mark Fisher. The figure pictures, on the whole, tend to show us that pure realism is not safely attempted on a large scale, and that conventions of a marked and decorative sort can be easily tolerated on a big canvas. We note, too, with pleasure the signs of a reaction against naturalism, against slavish respect for all facts, and against a brutal unconcern for beauties of style and composition. Some kind of picture-making that can be compared with that of the old masters in its aim may become the fashion, and this time on a basis of newly-observed truth. Artists who go in for idealization, poetry, imagination, &c. will have to count with the widespread knowledge of nature and the principles of vision which have been taught by the labours of the realists. Another prediction which we may safely make is that close hanging, innumerable exhibits, and skying will disappear from all exhibitions when the effect of the New Gallery is fairly realized. The Academy, at any rate, might provide two press-days for their vast ill-hung show, until they begin to alter its arrangement for the better.

#### SAVOY MATINÉE.

ON Tuesday last a morning performance was given at the Savoy Theatre for the benefit of Mr. T. E. Smaale. The *pièce de résistance* of a very long programme was the revival of Dion Boucicault's *London Assurance*, with Mr. Willard as Sir Harcourt Courtly, Mr. David James as Spanker, Mr. Charles Wyndham and Mr. Thomas Thorne as Dazzle and Mark Meddle respectively, while Mrs. Bernard-Beere and Miss Kate Rorke were also in the cast. Although nearly fifty years have elapsed since *London Assurance* was first produced at Covent Garden, and notwithstanding the fact that it belongs to that school of English comedy which always contains the impossible valet whom, as Thackeray remarked in speaking of this play, any gentleman would turn out of doors before he could get through half a length of the dialogue assigned, the piece has always been popular both with audience and actors. It is not easy to explain the reason for this popularity, for, in addition to many very evident shortcomings in the means which are used to develop the plot of the piece, the dialogue is not strong, and contains hardly a trace of that wit which is so conspicuous in Sheridan's plays and those of the dramatists of the Restoration. The most interesting feature in Tuesday's performance was Mr. Willard's rendering of the part of the old beau, Sir Harcourt Courtly. During the last few months Mr. Willard has played a number of parts, differing so considerably in character and requiring such varied histrionic gifts for their adequate interpretation, that it would not have been surprising if he had failed in a fresh departure. After the unsatisfactory attempt to interpret Macbeth which he made a fortnight ago, many persons may have been disposed to doubt whether he would be likely to add to his considerable reputation by the assumption of parts which travel so far from that of the stage villains so closely associated with his name. But, as Sir Harcourt Courtly Mr. Willard exhibited a talent for pure comedy as great as that possessed by any English actor now on the stage. A slight unevenness may be readily accounted for by the fact that the piece had not been very well rehearsed; but his make-up was not so careful as it should have been. The Lady Gay Spanker of Mrs. Bernard-Beere lacked lightness of touch; her high animal spirits were too evidently assumed, and her merriment had rather a hollow ring. Miss Kate Rorke did not seem very much at home in the part of Grace Harkaway; but here and there her acting rose to a high level of excellence. The other characters were well played, with the exception of Charles Courtly, which Mr. Conway could make nothing of. Some excellent recitations and songs followed *London Assurance*, the most successful, perhaps, being given by Mr. Rutland Barrington, who recited a prose piece by Mr. W. S. Gilbert. Mr. Toole, Mr. Beerbohm Tree, Miss Sophie Eyre, Mr. Grossmith, and others helped to maintain the high standard of the performance. The matinée concluded with *High Life Below Stairs*, which gave an opportunity for the appearance of Messrs. Edward Terry, Henry Neville, George Giddens, Willie Edouin, Miss Florence St. John, Miss Kate Vaughan, Miss Alice Atherton, and other popular actors and actresses. These clever ladies and gentlemen romped through the piece in a highly diverting manner. We should like, however, to remind Mr. Edward Righton that even an occasion of this kind does not excuse the introduction of anachronistic topical allusions which are not funny or *à propos*.

## THE SALON.

I.

THERE appears to be a very general agreement among the Parisians that the Salon is this year below its usual level in interest and technical excellence. That this is true in some respects is undeniable, seeing that, in addition to such inveterate absentees from the exhibition as M. Meissonier and M. Gustave Moreau, we miss this time such leading men as MM. Puvion de Chavannes and Elie-Delaunay, to say nothing of M. Besnard, M. Béraud, and M. Rochegrosse. Among the distinguished foreign painters for whose work we are accustomed to look we seek in vain for the charming Northern impressions of the Scandinavian M. Kroyer, or the naturalistic Bible-scenes of the Prussian Herr Fritz von Uhde. Altogether, the important Franco-Scandinavian section of Parisian art is seen to less advantage than usual; while the Americans who seek, as regards matters artistic, to transform themselves into Frenchmen are at least as strong as on former occasions. England, too, is unusually well represented by Mr. Orchardson, Mr. Jacob Hood, Mr. Alfred Parsons, Mr. Onslow Ford, and others. Notwithstanding all the *lacune* just indicated, the Salon cannot fairly be said to fall below its immediate predecessors in absolute technical excellence; indeed, the general level of merit in this respect may be said to be more than equal to that recently shown; though some few works which would not find a place even in our own galleries have, under existing regulations, crept into the exhibition.

French art to a higher degree than any other takes colour from passing events and from general movements—literary, political, and artistic. Victor Hugo, M. Pasteur, and even General Boulanger have had their day as popular subjects for portraiture, and they are not superseded by President Carnot. One peculiar feminine type seems this year to have especially caught the limners' fancy, and that one remarkable rather for swarthy and expressive ugliness than for the more usual attractions. Subjects partaking of the visionary, the mystical, the enigmatic are in high favour, and have partly superseded, though without banishing, hospital scenes and the usual representations of physical horror and of the female form divine. The great mural decorations—most of which this year, as last, are destined for the new Sorbonne—again form one of the most striking portions of the show, and in these the spirit and the technical system of M. Puvion de Chavannes almost everywhere show themselves. M. François Flameng contributes "Suite de la décoration de l'Escalier de la Sorbonne," a huge triptych in which are represented in a fashion half realistic, half historical, and wholly decorative, typical events in the history of the Sorbonne during the Renaissance. Surely in dealing with important incidents such as these, in a work executed for the State, it is not absolutely necessary to show that they serve as a mere transparent pretext for arrangements of line and colour! The views of old Paris, which form the background of the whole, are by far the most successful part of the decorative scheme. Yet another and a still huger portion of the same *ensemble* is M. Benjamin Constant's "L'Académie de Paris; les Lettres; les Sciences." He, at any rate, is not a *Chavanniste*, and as an oil-painter he is remarkable for the deep and well-controlled splendour of his colour; yet somehow, in seeking to introduce, for his present purpose, brighter and more sharply contrasted harmonies, he has made his decorative scheme a striking, but at the same time a harsh and crude, one. His allegorical figures in the two wings of the triptych, relieved against bright summer foliage and seen between reddish marble columns, have neither much significance nor, to make up for this deficiency, a supreme rhythmical harmony; while the gigantic figures of the doctors of the faculties, grouped in the central division, in their bright-hued but ill-assorted robes, have in them a dangerous element of the grotesque. Yet the whole is, notwithstanding these drawbacks, a surprising example of French skill and French facility; it would be pretty safe to prophesy that it will obtain the *Prix d'Honneur* of the year. M. Guillaume Dubufe's apotheosis of Alfred de Musset, Lamartine and Victor Hugo, called "Trinité Poétique," is a symphony, and a very monotonous and ill-coloured one, in dark cerulean blue; it contains in a high degree of intensity that element of pompous vulgarity which is so characteristic of much of the art of the Third Republic. Yet another vast tripartite work is M. Léon-Commerre's "Le Printemps; le Destin; l'Hiver." Among the loveliest of all the purely decorative canvases is M. Raphaël Collin's "Fin d'Été," which is to adorn the parlour of the Rector of the Sorbonne. The scene is an exquisite one of flowery meadow and woodland, in which move, under a mild sky of tempered blue, airily-clad nymphs, laden with summer spoils or sporting in the grass. The tone of the whole is that of a deadened opal—a warm and pale hue, enveloping and harmonizing myriads of local tints. This painting is surpassed in striking effect, though not in subtle charm, by M. Duez's large and masterly decoration, "Virgile s'inspirant dans les Bois," which reveals to us the Mantuan dreamily advancing in a solemn wood of huge pines, through the branches of which—filling nearly the whole canvas—are seen glimpses of bright blue sky and tender green foliage. We will not ask too curiously how the red and mauve poppies at the bard's feet have sprung up in such a forest, since these supply just that accent which is indispensable to save the colour-scheme from monotony. We may mention here M. Cazin's large and beautiful landscape with figures, "La Journée faite," in which he appears to have undergone very strongly the all-penetrating influence of M. Puvion de Chavannes; the unsubstantial but well-placed figures

might have been painted by the author of the "Pauvre Pêcheur," while the landscape has all M. Cazin's own charm. The picture, which has the drawbacks of its merits, is one of the most poetical and genuinely pathetic works in an exhibition in which qualities such as it possesses do not abound. Among imaginative works proper the first place may be accorded to M. Albert Maignan's "Les Voix du Tocsin." Above a dimly-perceived city, enveloped in smoke and flame, swings furiously in mid-air the huge bell, clustering round and issuing from which are nude forms, chiefly male, typifying the voices and expressing every phase of rage, terror, and despair. The main idea is a very fine and original one, worthy of the author of the beautiful "Matilda with Virgil and Dante" at the Luxembourg. Admiration, however, as is the technical skill displayed in its embodiment, the meaning of the painter-poet is not perfectly or altogether appropriately expressed. These magnificently drawn but over-solid nudités, seen in the most difficult and contorted attitudes, suggest less the embodied voices issuing from the terrible alarm-bell than fine models carefully posed in painful positions, and reproduced with consummate skill together with an added dramatic expression which proves the possession by the painter of much imaginative power. M. Chartran's "Vincent de Beauvais et Louis XI." should be remarked as a happy combination of the historical method of representation with the grey atmospheric colouring proper to the higher modern decoration. A very striking and original, if thoroughly French, version of the often-rendered episode of David's combat with Goliath is supplied by an American painter, Mr. William Dodge; his version of the vanquished giant has novelty as well as virile power and dramatic force. Yet another young American, Mr. Julian Story, shows a great advance upon former efforts in a vast canvas, "The Black Prince before the body of the King of Bohemia." Rarely has M. Bouguereau been more happily inspired than in his "Le Premier Deuil," a grand pyramidal composition, with Adam—a noble figure—holding across his knees the dead Abel, while Eve kneels sorrowing at his side. The work has not perhaps great intensity, but it has style, perfect balance, consummate draughtsmanship and composition; the sombre landscape-background, too, though opaque in execution, has great appropriateness. The master's other contribution is a "Nymphé," of the usual type, leaden-hued, but of exquisitely just proportions. The Academic M. Boulanger has supplied in "esclaves à vendre" what is for him a canvas of unusual charm. These two last-mentioned painters are the favourite butts of the *intransigeants* of modern French art; it is well, however, that they should exist and keep their heads above water, if only as a corrective and barrier to a revolutionary impetuosity which would deny the past as well as help the future. An extraordinary *tour de force* has been accomplished by M. Henner in his "St. Sébastien," in which two holy women robed from head to foot in black are seen tending the martyred saint, whose superbly modelled nude form shows ghastly in a pale localized light, which is not sufficiently accounted for. The painter's triumph, however, is in the manner in which, by means of a subtle balance of values, he has relieved against a sky of the most tempestuous blackness the still more sombre robes of the women. A portrait-study of a girl is both garish and untrue in local colour; it is, indeed, quite unworthy of M. Henner's fame. Another veteran of established reputation—M. Hébert—shows a return to former excellence in the curiously named "Aux héros sans gloire," showing an ideal figure of sombre and mournful aspect, seen in the act of placing flowers on a marble tomb in the foreground of a dense wood. This enigmatical painted elegy is rendered with a certain affectation of ultra-refinement which has always been the besetting sin of the artist; but it has, nevertheless, a real ideal grace, and at the same time a sincerity which cannot be denied.

A large work by M. Agache, entitled "Enigme," attracts great attention, and is among the works which have been acquired by the State. It portrays on a rose-coloured background, partially ornamented with Egyptian hieroglyphics in gold, a female figure of stately beauty and downcast mien, draped from head to foot in diaphanous black veils, through which peeps forth a scarlet under-robe; she holds in her hand huge scarlet poppies, some of which lie also on the steps which she slowly descends. Here is probably no very profound or real mystery to unravel; but the colour-combination is original and happy, and the work altogether, notwithstanding a strong flavour of the vulgarity of the studio, a striking one, which it may be possible to dislike, but not to pass over. M. Dettaille, who has made his reputation as a somewhat dry and harshly precise delineator of modern French military life, seeks to appear this time in a new or, rather, a modified part; he sends a vast composition, "Le Rêve," in which is shown, with the artist's usual exactness of representation, a battalion of the French infantry of to-day bivouacking unsheltered in the open country. All lie prone on the bare ground, wrapped in the deepest sleep, while above in the skies passes a shadowy cortège, seen by them in their dreams—a glorious but unsubstantial army, which seems to be that of the First Republic. Somehow, however, the methodical painter is entirely uninspired by a subject so calculated to fire a Frenchman, and he accordingly leaves the beholder cold and unconvinced. Far superior is the power of evocation shown by the modest draughtsman Raffet in his well-known lithography, "La Revue," and he has succeeded in suggesting with limited means that spirit of imaginative military ardour which the child of the latter part of the century appears to have lost with so many other illusions.



## THE GLASGOW EXHIBITION.

THAT Glasgow, the centre of Scotch industry and commerce, should be the seat of a great local and international Exhibition must prove of much interest to all classes. It says much for the modesty of our fellow-countrymen on the other side of the Tweed that, in these days of exhibitions, with all their wealth and enterprise, they have not shown any haste in putting before the world the proofs of their unrivalled progress. It is no exaggeration to say that Scotland, considering its limited area, its small population, and its somewhat scanty resources and hard climate, has made by far the most rapid progress of any community in Europe. It has long held, and still holds, the foremost place in the arts of agriculture; it represents the best school of shipbuilding, and possesses one of the largest mercantile fleets; while in the industrial arts, in chemical and other manufactures, it is, on the whole, unsurpassed. In these days the story of such an advance, of such energy and enterprise, carries with it a moral, for all this has been attained, not by the efforts of Scotchmen only, but through the stimulus of the partnership their country enjoys with ours, in that union which means a full share of the resources—natural, commercial, industrial—of the Empire with all colonial possessions and dependencies.

The Scotch have earned for themselves a reputation for being among the best of business-men. The result of their efforts, as shown in the organization of the Glasgow Exhibition, goes far to confirm this as a truth. They have allowed themselves plenty of time to devise and carry out their plan; they have not been chary of expenditure. As a natural result their Exhibition, in the matter of completion at the appointed time, puts all previous Exhibitions to shame. We do not mean to say there are no signs of unfinished work; but that, as a whole, taking into account the gigantic dimensions of their undertaking, the result, with all its varieties of representation, is fully effective, and in harmony with the purpose proposed.

In an Exhibition definitely devoted to the progress of industry in all its developments, it is gratifying to find that not only is prominence given to fine art in all its branches, but also that a special gallery is devoted to the too much neglected art of sculpture. In a gallery of this, not of course so spacious as that of painting, which has its British collection as well as foreign loans, but ample for the purpose, there are no less than one hundred and seventy examples of sculpture by foreign and British artists, many of high repute. The names of Chantrey, Thornycroft, Boehm, Woolner, Onslow, Ford, Leighton, Nelson Maclean, Stirling Lee, Bruce Joy, Tinworth, Poynter, Auguste Rodin, G. Argenti, Jean Gauterin, O. Andreoni, Auguste Bartholdi, and Dalou are among those whose works are exhibited. That men of high endowments and aspirations should give themselves up to an art so little encouraged in comparison with its worth shows how deep is their interest in its capability of excelling all other productions of its kind. Painting is easy of execution, and therefore becomes a drug in the market; sculpture, to be grand and effective, like Mr. Thornycroft's "Teucer"—which is here—which ranks with "The Athlete" of the Vatican, and, with it, surpasses the "Apollo Belvidere," as many think, demands such genius for its conception and execution as scarcely appears in a century.

In Courts 8, 9, and 10 is exhibited the interesting series of chemicals, on the improved production of which our advancement in manufacturing skill so greatly depends. The aniline colours are well represented by Messrs. Bayer & Co., German manufacturers, with houses in Manchester, Bradford, and London; the Newcastle Chemical Works make a good show of the various soda products; Messrs. White & Co., of Glasgow, are strong in their chromium compounds, for which they have a world-wide reputation, and have enjoyed the monopoly; the firm of Garraway, of Glasgow, among other chemicals, exhibits borax, a substance which is little in use compared with the great part it is destined to play, especially as a disinfectant; while the Alkali Works of Messrs. Muspratt & Co., of Liverpool, are well represented. But what one misses in the Exhibition is examples of the wonderful series of soda and potash productions of Staßfurt, the salt-mines of which form the saline contents of a dried-up sea. The great house of Tennant is of course represented, but not in the important instance of iodine, of which they have long been the chief, almost the sole, manufacturers. It would have been agreeable and instructive to have seen a large exhibition of chemical apparatus and of philosophical instruments. Nothing is so needed as a museum of those delicate contrivances through which research is carried out. The manufacturers of these are men of the highest scientific attainment, such as Frauenhofer and Ruhmkorff. As Sir Humphry Davy truly said, it is on the perfection of our instruments that all discovery depends.

An Artisan Section (Court 19) will be amusing to many visitors, if only for its extreme variety, beginning with models of seven steamships, and ending with carvings in wood by tenants on the Lovat estates, under the instruction of Miss Frazer, of Lovat, with over two hundred curiosities between. There are models of passenger-steamers, of yachts, herring-boats; of engines of every shape and kind, agricultural, electro-motor, locomotive; of pumps, of fern-cases, of ploughs, castles, washing-machines, writing-tables, revolving albums, conservatories, and everything else one can think of for his wants, movements, journeys, amusements, indoor and out, by night and by day. But what is more surprising is the Women's Arts and Industries. These, but for the needlework, which in variety is more than an ordinary mind

can grasp, include the most masculine productions, and offer a new claim to women's rights. Here we have carved furniture, china figures, bookbinding, locks, keys, bolts, nails, chains, leather driving-gloves and gauntlets, carved oak panels, engraving, copper-plate printing, tea-tables, brass-work, blotting-books, boots and shoes, circulars, periodicals, hygienic clothing, art furniture, flower-pots; though it must be allowed that embroidery and lace predominate. We can only wish that so much lovely and useful work was paid for in proportion to the long labour bestowed upon it.

There are many other points of interest of which, in a limited space, it would be impossible to give any adequate idea. There are sections setting forth the progress made in mining and metallurgy, in sanitary science and aeronautics; in agriculture and horticulture; in ironmongery and cutlery; in furniture and decoration; in education and physical training; in music and musical instruments; in fisheries, in textile fabrics, in pottery and glass, in paper manufacture and printing. To foreign exhibits some fourteen courts are devoted, and these consist for the most part in varieties of ornamental industries from France, Austria, Germany, Denmark, and Italy. There is also a large court entirely set apart for machinery and deserving a notice in itself.

But we must not forget to mention one of the most important industries of all—the wonders of the shipbuilding art—which are variously represented in miniature in the Main Avenue by exquisite models of ocean liners, of screw and paddle-steamers of all kinds, of steam-yachts and sailing schooners, of despatch-boats, dredgers, and tugs. In addition to these, there is a very fine collection of nautical instruments and appliances, such as chronometers and binnacles, compasses, sounding machines, foghorns, sextants, telescopes, and binoculars. This section will have an additional charm for the vast numbers who are keenly watching the movement that has sprung up for the strengthening of our national defences.

Altogether, the Glasgow Exhibition must be pronounced a striking success. The buildings are constructed on a bold and large scale; the grounds are spacious and picturesque. The little river Kelvin running through them, its gondolas and boats, its sloping lawns, the handsome building of the University rising to the south, the Bishop's Castle and the various tasteful kiosks, the dining-rooms, the Indian Tea-rooms, the Ceylon Rooms (a model of a Kandyan structure), not to forget the indispensable Switchback and Fairy Fountain—all these have their separate merits. They lend an air almost of enchantment to the place, such as few who are acquainted with the poorer districts of Glasgow would suspect. That the enterprise will be productive of much good we are sure. The Exhibition itself must serve to quicken trade, and, like the old and now suppressed fairs, help to bring to the notice of the public many an industry, without the baneful intervention of the middle-man. It will do even more than this. It will serve as a pleasure-ground to thousands of the cheerless and overworked poor, and give new life to a city whose industrial population is among the most overcrowded of any in the United Kingdom.

## REVIEWS.

## DENTON'S ENGLAND IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.\*

THIS volume has that melancholy interest which belongs to a book which the author does not live to see published. Mr. Denton died "whilst the last few proof sheets were in his house awaiting revision." The work is complete in itself, but it was its author's design to follow it up with a companion volume, sketching the ecclesiastical state of England in the fifteenth century. For this the materials had been collected, but only a few pages were actually written. A perusal of the volume now published, which deals with the civil condition of England in the same century, will make every reader regret the loss of its ecclesiastical yokefellow.

Like most modern students, the author, though he has traced with care and interest the life of the fifteenth century, does not regard it lovingly or admiringly. He evidently looks upon it as a period of relative or even positive retrogression, culminating in a state of disorder and lawlessness which necessitated and justified the Tudor dictatorship. As far as we have observed, he attributes nothing but evil to the Hundred Years' War. Yet it might be urged on the other side that, in certain stages of a people's growth, it is worth while to pay even a heavy price for the awakening of a sense of vigorous and masterful nationality; and it can hardly be denied that, with all its attendant evils, the Hundred Years' War did foster this feeling of nationality in Englishmen. Mr. Denton, moreover, does not seem to have gone very deeply into the causes of the war. It is treated too much as if it came by spontaneous generation; and, in particular, its dependence upon the Scottish question is overlooked. The Bishop of Chester has given the weight of his historical authority to the opinion, which was also held by Green, that it was the assistance

\* *England in the Fifteenth Century*. By the Rev. W. Denton, M.A., Worcester College, Oxford, Author of "Serbia and the Servians," "Montenegro; its People, and their History," "The Christians in Turkey," "Record of St. Giles, Cripplegate," &c. London: George Bell & Sons, 1888.

given by Philip of Valois to the Scots which determined Edward III. to war. If this view is admitted, it is no longer "somewhat difficult," as Mr. Denton avers, "to understand, or at least to state the real grounds" of the contest. It is the more strange that he should have omitted to trace its connexion with the Scottish war, because he is fully alive to all the other evils which the latter wrought. Indeed, his fearless and unconventional handling of the Great Scottish Myth is, in these days of national disintegration, positively refreshing:—

The total defeat of the English army by the Scottish hosts under Bruce at Bannockburn was the source of long misfortune to England and of the most terrible calamities that ever befell Scotland. It arrested the prosperity of England; it destroyed the growing liberties, the civilization, and the material wealth of the crown and people of Scotland. It gave over the continuous frontiers of the two countries to endless and savage warfare. . . .

At the moment when, unhappily for both countries, an English nobleman, availing himself of provincial prejudices, raised, with the help of the highland clans, the standard of rebellion against Edward, the people of Scotland were advancing materially and intellectually on a par with those of England, and were enjoying an amount of freedom and prosperity such as they never again possessed. . . .

No defeat, however crushing, ever proved half so injurious to any country as the victory of Bannockburn did to Scotland.

One would not willingly dash the happiness of the Duke of Argyll when, according to his Grace's own account, he stands upon the field of Bannockburn and shouts for joy. But to Englishmen one may recommend the opinion here set forth, as having, if not the whole truth, at least a great deal of truth in it. Holding these views about Scotland, Mr. Denton naturally has a warm admiration for the character and statesmanship of Edward I., and regrets, as indeed we all well may, that the great King did not live to incorporate Ireland with England.

To deal with these high questions is, however, not the main object of Mr. Denton's work. It is to produce, by the bringing together of facts from various sources, and by inferences and deductions from them, a picture of the social condition of the country. On some points the views here taken demand notice. Social optimists will find comfort in the conclusion "that the condition of the labourer in husbandry was far worse at the close of the Middle Ages than it is now." In opposition to the commonly accepted opinion, and indeed to the statement in the preamble of the "Statute of Labourers," the author holds—on scarcely sufficient grounds, as it seems to us—that that measure was not, in truth, occasioned by the Black Death. Wages, he tells us, had been rising before that pestilence; and the measure of 1349 was framed to prevent what he calls "the natural rise of wages," though he admits that this rise was due to earlier pestilences. Another point on which he controverts a now usual opinion, is with regard to the supposed beneficent action of the monasteries in mitigating poverty. The extant accounts of monastic houses, he says, do not bear out this notion. In the fifteenth century "the conventual orders were in very many instances heavily encumbered with debt"; and even when not thus crippled, those religious houses which, as was often the case, drew their income from distant parishes, "gave little or nothing to the poor of the parishes in which they stood." The action of the guilds as organized charitable institutions he hardly, so far as we have observed, takes into account. His remarks on the enclosures which towards the end of the fifteenth century excited such bitter discontent and opposition are interesting and judicious. He does not yield to the modern tendency to a sort of sentimental Socialism on this subject, for he sees that the enclosures were "a decided gain to agriculture"; but he also sees the evil wrought by the neglect during the process to consider the rights of the small tenants. There is probably much truth in his remark that the changing of arable into pasture land was due, not so much to the increase in the price of wool, as to the exhaustion of the soil by long-continued and unscientific corn-growing. The attention which up to the beginning of the fourteenth century had been paid to marling the ground had declined during the times of war, pestilence, and famine which made up a large part of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Altogether, the passages relative to the agricultural crisis which followed the Wars of the Roses are well worth reading; and they are illustrated by an interesting letter, of which the original is preserved in the archives of Magdalen College, Oxford. It is from the Vicar of Quinton, in Gloucestershire, to the President of the College, earnestly praying that some College land in or near his parish may be let to the under-tenants instead of to a single farmer. "I remember, sir," writes the Vicar (whose spelling we modernize), "that ye said my lord bishop in his last days and also your Mastership since my lord deceased did stand in manner of a wavering mind whether it were more expedient to the welfare of your place to have one man to your tenant or the tenants of the town. Sir, saving your reverence and your discretion, after my simple reason methinks it is more meritory to support and succour a community than one man, your tenants rather than a strange man, the poor and innocent for [instead of] a gentleman or a gentleman's man" (so in the original as here printed in an appendix, but in the text it is quoted as "a gentleman's gentleman," which has a more modern sound). The Vicar, while admitting that the single farmer will probably give the most, tries to make out that in the long run the many tenants will be the more advantageous. He beseeches that they may have the land for "xxxii" offering, good man, to throw into the bargain his own grey horse, apparently by way of bribe:—"I sall gyff yow to yowr plesure lyerd my horse." The

letter has no date of year, but there is evidence to place it between 1486 and 1504.

There are many minor points of interest, of which we will only mention one. In the section on "Manor Houses" we learn that a north-easterly aspect was the one most sought after by early builders. The south wind was condemned as "sickly," and the west as "blustering." "A south-west blow on ye," says Caliban when he curses. On the other hand, primitive wisdom pronounced the north wind to be a "preventive of corruption," and the east wind was held to bring serene weather. The horrors of the east wind were apparently as yet undiscovered or disregarded.

#### JAPANESE CHILDREN.\*

THE realities of Japanese life—we are speaking of the life of twenty years ago—were very different indeed from the pictures usually presented in the books of the day, written for the most part by visitors, or, if by residents in the Reedy Land, by residents who had no personal experience whatever of the Tokugawa régime. That life had a picturesque and, to unlearned eyes, a simple exterior; but, behind the pomp and circumstance of the *daimio*, the swagger of the *samurai*, and the apparent contentment of the *hyakusho* and *chonin* (peasant and artisan), diversified by innumerable festivals of a more or less Buddhist tinge, lay the grinding tyranny of custom, minute and tedious, from which none escaped. The lord of a province was a puppet in the hands of his Council, who condemned him to fill up his life with the performance of endless and meaningless ceremonial duties; the clansmen were bound by a rigorous routine they were only too glad to leave behind in becoming *ronins* or masterless men; the farmer, merchant, and workman sought safety from their multitudinous oppressors in a cringing servility, and bowed literally the brow in the mud at the dreaded cry of *Shta ni iro* (Down with you, fellows) as each petty official or *samurai* who had the right to ride a horse passed along the street. The foreigner of early days who saw the glitter of the cortège, the colour and variety of the popular festival, who heard the laugh and chatter of the street when no great man happened to be passing by, and felt a new delight in the quaint productions of the Japanese craftsman, saw also the execution ground of Shinagawa, listened to stories told with bated breath of ferocity and oppression, and witnessed the dull monotony of the changeless daily life of the peasant and artisan. But the foreigner, resident or visitor, whose acquaintance with Japan dates from the Restoration, or from a later time, has known nothing of the misery and immobility of the Shogunate, and has heard much of the glory and simplicity of the days when long processions of the feudal nobles kept the highways closed, and aniline dyes, tall hats, and French boots were curios to the people of Dai Nippon. To this ignorance in large measure may be traced that singular idealization of Japan and her ways and works which forms so marked a feature of contemporary Western life, and thrusts hideous travesties of Japanese art amid modern surroundings, to the great contentment of dealers in counterfeit curios and commercial collectors delighted at the continual increase of an ignorant public on whom to palm off their mistaken purchases.

But if latter-day residents know little of the life of *ächtens Japans* they know still less of its child-life. The book before us gives a description of child-life in Japan which is not untrue, but which deals only with its superficial and less distinctive aspects. The domestic life of a people is not easily got at—what do we know of the life of a French *clève*, for instance?—and in eastern countries less easily than elsewhere. Ten or twelve years ago, when the author was a resident in Tokio, there were fewer opportunities of observing child-life than there are now; but, on the other hand, that life, year by year, loses more and more of whatever distinctive character it may have possessed. To the new civilization the world of men in Japan has almost wholly succumbed, the world of women is in process of succumbing, the child-world will be the last to yield. But yield it must, and the process once begun will be more rapid with children than with their seniors, for, after all, the world throughout, their resemblances are greater and their differences less than those of their fathers and mothers. No doubt the Japanese lad with his bare shaven poll and tags of hair, his awkward wooden pattens, or slovenly sandals, and his huddled garments, presents a very different appearance from his Western compeer; but at bottom he is much the same—as fond of dabbling in mud and dust, of alternately petting and persecuting animals, of roaring when he cannot get what he wants, and as little friendly to book or slate. Nevertheless, in some important points he does differ, not in himself, but in his conditions of existence. In her book the author gives the roseate view only of the Japanese *daji*; but in truth, so far as the foreigner sees him—and, as we have said, of the domestic interiors of the middle and upper classes of Japan hardly anything is known even now—he is a sadly neglected being, clothed in dirty, baggy rags, ill-kempt, and dirty, for the normal Japanese never uses soap. He lives a life of careless ease, but which to a Western child would appear monstrously tame. The

\* *Child-life in Japan and Japanese Child Stories.* By M. Chaplin Ayrton. With many illustrations by Japanese Artists. New and cheaper edition. London: Griffith, Farran, & Co.



young *samurai* must have found life almost too dreadful; for he began the ceremonial mill-round almost as soon as he could walk, and wore a sword, or had it borne for him by an attendant, before he was in his teens. He was, however, treated as a *Wakimi* (young master), and no doubt relieved the monotony of his existence by now and then kicking his *kerai* (retainer) and pulling his sisters' hair. There is, or at all events was, no "social intercourse," as Americans say, in Japan; nothing but extremely formal visits at stated times, and the children of a house had, for the most part, simply themselves to rely upon for amusement. Nothing in the least resembling cricket, or football, or tennis, or paper-hunts, is possible to the Japanese boy; he knows nothing of athletics, of the charms of bird-nesting even he is ignorant, and it may be doubted whether he ever climbed a tree or cleared a fence or jumped a ditch for the pleasure of the thing. In all this he is no worse off, however, than the French boy, whose one amusement some thirty years ago seemed to be the not exciting one of *balle au mur*. Let us see with Mrs. Chaplin Ayrtton's help and that of the pretty woodcuts which adorn her book, quaint but not unfaithful, though somewhat flattering portrayals of Nipponese children and their ways—those who want to know more about them should turn over Hokusai's albums—what modes of killing time were at their disposal. They are not many, for the share allowed them at such festivals as that of *Shogatsu* (New Year) is mainly of a ceremonial character, and their festivals are both reduced in number and shorn of their former interest. What will replace them we know not—are long Japan will be without a creed of any kind, without traditions, and without other than official festivals. The Restoration has more effectually divided new from old Japan than the Revolution has parted the France of departments from the France of provinces. Looking on the hatted and booted Japanese of to-day one seems to have dreamed of the men in casque and armour of less than a generation back, carrying two swords in their belt and a bow and a quiver full of arrows over their shoulders. However, it is doubtless a good thing they have gone, seeing what went with them. But to return to the children. In the *Nenchi Koji* and other books of the kind a number of games of a partly ceremonial character and not very exciting are mentioned which have entirely disappeared. Battledore and shuttlecock is still played, but the extraordinary dexterity of the Chinese, who, using their heels as battledores, will keep up the shuttlecock for an indefinite time, is not witnessed in Japan. Top-spinning is a favourite diversion, and kite-flying is an amusement indulged in by young and old, but after a much more elaborate fashion than is practised in Western countries. A Japanese author tells us that kite-flying is "intended to make boys open their mouths to expel the feverish humours, and develop the *yang* principle," and says much the same of battledore and shuttlecock, discrediting the explanation that the latter game is a spell against mosquitoes, based on the fact that the shuttlecock (usually made by sticking feathers in the hard fruit of the *mokurenji*, a species of *Celtis*), once had the form of a dragon-fly which feeds upon mosquitoes. In the towns the children have mainly to content themselves with rare shows, the clever exhibitions of toy-sweetmeat makers, the tricks of mountebanks, and itinerant singers, story-tellers, and dancers. They have also several sorts of backgammon and chequers for winter evenings and summer nights. Dolls are common enough, but they are mere effigies, originally of dignitaries of the Mikado's Court, not used by girls to play at mother with. Girls, indeed, seem to have no particular games; but they were taught the *samisen* (sort of banjo) and the art of making flowers out of paper, in which they often showed marvellous taste and dexterity. The great day for boys was the 5th of the fifth month. They were presented with a set of toys representing the furniture of a *daimio's* procession, and if a son had been born during the year a great paper fish was flown banner-wise over the porch of the house. The fish was a carp, and was emblematic of manly strength, the carp being supposed to be able to swim against a rapid current, and even ascend cascades. The idea is a Chinese one; nearly all Japanese ideas, indeed, are Chinese at bottom. Various card-games, too, were played at New Year's time. In one of the best a number of cards had proverbs written on them—each beginning with one of the letters of the Japanese alphabet. A similar number had pictures illustrating the proverbs. The cards were shuffled and dealt, then the proverbs read out, and those who had the answering pictures discarded; the game being won by the player who first got rid of all his cards, and the holder of the last card being the loser, who, if a boy, had his face streaked with ink, if a girl, her hair adorned with a wisp of rice-straw.

On the whole, however, the amusements of Japanese children must be pronounced tame. They lack, as the stories printed in this volume lack, invention and point, give no opportunity to strength or skill, and too often are mere trivial imitations of the ceremonial practices that bound their seniors' lives in a round of tedious and monotonous etiquette. The stories in question are prettily told and quaintly illustrated, and though not particularly interesting, are, in Cervantean phrase, *ejemplares* of the mental pabulum of Japanese children.

## GEOLOGY.\*

THE first instalment of this work, which appeared in 1886, has already been noticed in these pages. In the present volume Professor Prestwich has completed his labours by giving to students the fruit of his ripe experience as a stratigraphical geologist. The book, indeed, may be regarded as the completion of his work as a teacher, for its appearance is coincident with his retirement from the chair of Geology in the University of Oxford, which he has so ably filled for the last fourteen years.

It might have been thought that Dr. A. Geikie's full and excellent Text-book of Geology, and the bulky volume forming the second part of the new edition of Phillips's *Manual of Geology*, the work of that accomplished paleontologist, Mr. Etheridge, had left little room for a third text-book on a similar scale. Yet, as we pointed out in our notice of the first instalment, Professor Prestwich had given to his book a character of its own, which fully justified its publication, and would make it acceptable to a large class of students. This statement may be repeated yet more emphatically in regard to the present volume. It fills a place which has not been exactly occupied by either of the above-named volumes. That of Mr. Etheridge is a great storehouse of facts and details, collected with patient assiduity, and sifted with critical care, but it is more suited for the teacher than for the learner, its contents have to be macerated in the mental "crop" of the parent bird before they can be assimilated by the fledgling in geology. The stratigraphical portion of Dr. Geikie's volume also presents some difficulties of its own to the learner. As a summary of information, terse, and careful, it is unequalled; and the abundant references with which its pages are furnished make it an invaluable guide to the advanced student who is desirous of consulting the original sources, or of minutely studying special questions of stratigraphy. But a criticism has been made, which is not wholly without foundation, that the author has occasionally written too much in the spirit of an advocate who has been retained to defend the work of official geologists against the criticisms of presumptuous amateurs. Moreover, in this part of Dr. Geikie's book that literary skill which is usually not its least excellence is less conspicuous than elsewhere. Probably this is due to the fact that so large a portion of his life has been spent in Scotland, where the fossiliferous rocks not only occupy proportionately a far smaller area, but also are much more incomplete as a series than in England. Hence we note sometimes the usual defects of a summary—a tendency to degenerate into a catalogue of details and a little want of that light and shade which help the student in forming a picture which is imprinted on his mind. That some inequality of treatment should exist in any important text-book of geology has now become almost inevitable. The science has advanced of late years with such rapid strides and in so many directions, very diverse one from another, that accomplishments as varied as those professed by the proverbial Greek are needed in an author if he is to handle every branch of geology as a master. Thus in several parts of his first volume it was evident that Professor Prestwich was no more than the careful and conscientious compiler. In this second volume, however, he is on ground which to a far greater extent he has made his own, for it would be difficult to find any one better qualified than he for writing a manual of stratigraphical geology. Almost his first contribution to science related to the Carboniferous series; his papers on the various groups of the Tertiary period will be for long reckoned among geological classics; while his earlier investigations into the water supply of London and his later work as a Professor at Oxford have made him familiar with the most typical representatives of the Mesozoic strata of England. Besides this, in the course of his researches he has had to follow many of the English formations across the Straits of Dover, and thus counts among his personal friends many of the leading geologists of Western Europe.

It is possible, of course, for one who has been led into lines of investigation slightly different from those of the author to find a few blemishes even in the volume before us. In the present state of geological science we must all plead for mutual forbearance. Professor Prestwich, for instance, evidently is not quite at home in writing on the Archæan series, carefully as his compilation has been executed. Hence too much prominence has been given to the subdivisions which were proposed some years since by Dr. Hicks, two of which have been shown to rest on over-hasty generalization from incomplete knowledge, and should accordingly now be mentioned simply as matters of history, not retained as if still of classificatory value. In like way the arrangement proposed by Dr. Sterry Hunt for the Archæan rocks of North America is quoted without any indication that part of it has been repudiated by several careful investigators of Canadian and American geology, and has not been allowed to pass without protest even on this side of the Atlantic. Again, in dealing with the Trias Professor Prestwich seems hardly to have kept abreast with the literature of the subject, or to write as one who has been enabled from personal investigations to appreciate the arguments in cases of controversy. The sandstones and conglomerates of the Lower Trias of Central and Northern England are assumed by him, almost tacitly, to be of marine origin; and no intimation is given of the physical difficulties which, as it has been shown, exist in this hypothesis, or of the analogies

\* *Geology: Chemical, Physical, and Stratigraphical.* By Joseph Prestwich, M.A., F.R.S., F.G.S. Vol. II.—Stratigraphical and Physical. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. 1888.

which have led some recent authors to regard them as being in the main fluviatile deposits. It would also have been well, in indicating the southern limits of land-ice in Britain during the period of its greatest extension, to have added that some authorities dispute the inferences drawn from the facts, and place it many miles further north. Professor Prestwich, also, in his speculations as to the origin of chalk and flint, appears to be not quite at his ease, and to be too much influenced by a theory of chemical precipitation, which indeed was in high favour in the days of his youth, but is now, with good reason, as we think, generally held to be improbable. The book, in short, more than once is influenced by a spirit of scientific "conservation," which, though often useful as a protest against "extremist" views, is apt to exercise a debilitating influence.

But these, and a very few still more trifling blemishes, are after all little more than rare shadows which throw into higher relief the general excellence of the work. Let us turn, in conclusion, to the more welcome task of indicating a few of its distinctive characteristics. As has been intimated, the description of the various formations is singularly lucid, the author bringing out with unusual clearness the points, whether physical or biological, on which the attention of the student should be concentrated. Very good, also, is the description of foreign equivalents of British groups of strata; it is condensed without being dry; it is brief, but is sufficient and suggestive. The summaries of the life history in the great periods of geological time, the characteristics of the dynasties in the animal world which have risen, ruled, and vanished in their turn, are admirably executed, and will be invaluable guides to the student, who can ascertain from the perusal of a very few pages the exact state of our present knowledge concerning the genealogical tree of the living denizens of the earth. No less valuable, also, are the comparative tables of formations, where those of England are correlated with the equivalent deposits in Belgium, France, Germany, and Switzerland with North Italy. Further, the classified lists of formations in India and the adjacent territories, in North America, in Australia, in New Zealand, and in Southern Africa, to each of which are attached brief notes of the characteristic fauna and flora of the several subdivisions, appear to us excellent both in plan and in execution. In type, paper, and press-work generally this volume, like the former, leaves nothing to be desired. The woodcuts scattered liberally throughout its pages are generally good, though some few are hardly worthy of their companions. But in addition to this the book is enriched by sixteen plates drawn on stone by Miss G. Woodward. These depict some of the fossil invertebrates most characteristic of the different epochs of geological history. It is enough to say that the selection of these is as judicious as the execution is excellent, so that on this account the volume will be especially helpful to the student. It also contains a very useful map, representing the regions at present covered with snow and ice, the limits of floating bergs, and the probable extension of ancient glaciers. But its most distinctive feature is a geological map of Europe. For this we are indebted to Messrs. Goodchild and Topley, who have compiled and drawn it under the general direction of the author. Though of comparatively small size (about 22 inches by 18), the formations are so judiciously grouped, and the system of colouring adopted is so clear, that the records of the most interesting chapters in the physical history of Europe can be studied with an ease and apprehended with a facility which are hitherto without a parallel. This map alone would secure for the book a cordial welcome from students, even if it had no other claim for recognition.

But, as it has many and yet more important merits, Professor Prestwich may be heartily congratulated on the completion of his self-imposed task. It was obviously one so arduous that he might well have shrunk from undertaking it, because it would seem to demand all the vigour of the middle period of life, and it is no small triumph to have closed it successfully, after the significant epoch of threescore years and ten has been left well behind. His reputation as a geologist was already so high that it had become easier to diminish than to augment it by further work; but this new success has been achieved, and many friends will echo our wish that not a few years of learned leisure may yet remain for its veteran author.

#### A "SPECIAL" ON HIS TRAVELS.\*

MR. W. BEATTY-KINGSTON, "Commander of the Imperial Order of the Medjidieh, &c. &c. &c.," is a representative of a fast-decaying art—the art (or should it be the manufacture?) of special correspondence. This may appear a paradoxical assertion to make in an age when newspapers are cheaper, better, and more numerous than ever before, but it is none the less true. The electric wire has superseded the special correspondent, even as the newspaper itself, plus the telegraph, has to some extent superseded the ambassador. Oddly enough, it is the same agency which has both made and unmade the journalistic emissary, whose rise and fall may be said to date from "l'année terrible." Europe could not and would not wait for "letters" descriptive of the momentous events of '70; the post was all very well for the opening incidents of the

war—the "baptism of fire," the reconnoitings of both armies on either side of the many-coloured Saar, and the mobilization of the legions of France and Germany—but when the conflicting hosts met on the Speickerenburg, at Gravelotte, and at Beaumont, when those military tragedies were followed by the terrible "Schlacht bei Sedan" and the capitulation and imprisonment of an Emperor, nothing less than "full telegraphic details" would assuage the thirst of the natives for immediate information of what had happened; and when, after four or five days' interval, the tortoise-like post brought in reams of additional particulars of this and that battle, the public, sated with the leading facts, which had already been placed before them, merely skimmed the acres of type, or more often "took them as read." Mr. Kingston, whose two entertaining volumes are remarkable for their sustained spirit and plentiful humour, has been long enough in the business to see the revolution which the last seventeen years have worked in the department of daily journalism which numbers him in its hierarchy; and, although he by no means poses as a *laudator temporis acti*, he could not have sat down to pen this interesting story of his European wanderings without feeling sadly conscious that the "good old times" of Special-Corresponding have gone, never to return. Narratives fashioned upon the model of *A Wanderer's Notes* (a sufficiently modest title, by the way) are not seldom disfigured, sometimes even rendered ridiculous, by the constant appearance of the writer's figure on the scene. Mr. Kingston cannot be reproached upon this score. He keeps in the shade of the *coulisses* as much as possible, and is frequently, if anything, a little too much absorbed in his quality of historian. Like graver authors possessed of the courage of their opinions, Mr. Kingston has his likes and dislikes. He is pleased with Heligoland, even to the extent of praising it as the "miniature home of the virtues—a maximum of morality to a minimum of territory," and earnestly recommending it to the attention of our autumn tourists; but he is terribly severe upon Holland—perhaps because his "entry into the capital of the Netherlands was scarcely so triumphant an affair as I could have wished; yet it was not without a certain dignity." He admits that "the Dutch are renowned all over the world for their somewhat meticulous cleanliness" (whatever that may mean), yet observes that if he "had an enemy upon whom he might be permitted to practice vengeance at once the most lingering and deadly that the ingenuity of a fiend could devise," he thinks (only thinks, though) that he "would condemn him to lifelong travelling about Holland in the steamers provided to that end by Companies" whose names he will not essay to spell. Mr. Kingston's repugnance to the Dutch themselves extends to the Dutch river steamers, and not only to those tubby craft, but to the scenery. "Scenery, quotha!" he bitterly remarks; "it is so worse than melancholy—so utterly null—that the most joyous temperament must succumb to its baneful influence upon the spirits." He even falls foul of the harmless inoffensive windmills, has "ceased to wonder at Don Quixote's onslaught" on them, and asks, "What man with a touch of artistic feeling in his nature would not, after traversing Holland, laugh a grim laugh of savage enjoyment if he heard that they had all been razed to the ground—to the water?" he "should say; for it is but little ground they have to stand on in the Low Countries, save where, as in Rotterdam, they wave their wings, like pre-Adamite dragon-flies, in the middle of a crowded thoroughfare." The Rotterdammers, thankful for small mercies, will, we are sure, be pleased at even so slight a compliment as this. Then, "dear me!" says the still bitterly aggrieved "Wanderer," "what a lot of water there is in Holland! The whole realm is a huge *aquarelle*!" He "feels so bad" with regard to the water that he descends to a pun, hinting that, as "The Pays-Bas must be the region of rheumatism; their capital, with the aid of a little Cockneyism, might appropriately be called The Ache." As with Mr. Dick and his memorial, so with Mr. Kingston and the Dutch windmills—they are never out of his head. There is Dordrecht, at which you arrive when you have quitted "the crawling train for the filthy steamer"—"Dordrecht, a quiet little town, &c.," but Mr. Kingston "would not have any one think that it is short of windmills, oh! dear no, quite the contrary." Worst of all, however, is the unkind assertion that Holland "is chiefly composed of sloop." The satirist does not even spare Schevening, "spelt," as he facetiously remarks, "in three ways":—"The place, when I first made its acquaintance, possessed a very respectable sea, one or two large hotels . . . a long brick promenade, and no end of sand. . . . Were not extreme opinions out of fashion, I think I should feel tempted to aver that Schevening is the very dullest place out, except, perhaps, Sandwich on a hot day, John o' Groat's in a Scotch mist, and the town of Lille at any and every time!" Another page is headed, "Dutch torments," but we had not the heart to continue the perusal of the indictment, our own idea of Holland being so very different from Mr. Kingston's. Ostend ought to be greatly obliged to the "Wanderer" for his flattering notice of the place, and more particularly of the costumes of the fair *baigneuses*, from which Mr. Jan Van Beer, or some member of his happy family, might easily paint one of his quaint anatomical studies. But Blankenberghe gets almost as badly snubbed as Schevening. Our author proceeds to Liège, which "appeared to me to possess one institution, in its way, quite unrivalled in Europe." This sounds well for the Liégeois, but it is only Mr. Kingston's artful method of leading us on, for he proceeds, more scornfully than ever, if that were possible:—

But then its way was an exceptional one—namely, the absolute non-fulfilment of the promise contained in its title, and of the objects for which

\* *A Wanderer's Notes*. By W. Beatty-Kingston. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1888.



it was called into existence, and that was the Garden of Acclimatization. . . . The only thing it had succeeded in acclimatizing—and that imperfectly, for it was very bad—was Vienna beer. As for the sparse, melancholy, and attenuated illustrations of natural history confined miserably within its limits, all that could be said about them was that their arrangement was a triumph of incongruity—that sort of systematic antithesis, or series of anomalies, that would have caused the virtuous Buffon to blaspheme, and driven Cuvier to seek eternal oblivion in the family water-butt.

The vein of pleasant irony running through the volumes will greatly tend to recommend them to most people, for the satire, even when grimmest, is never unkind, and serves as a *sauce piquante* to the heavier chapters, albeit there are very few indeed of them. Arrived at Berlin, Mr. Kingston was doubtless tempted to be didactic, for he knows the *Kaiserstadt au fond*; he avoids prosiness, however, and tells us a great deal about military matters and soldier life which will be new to nine out of ten readers. Very agreeable, too, are the chapters painting with Meissonier-like minuteness the life of Homburg, Baden-Baden, Ems, and Spa of twenty years ago, in the old gambling days, when the "bells" of those notorious resorts were most appropriately named, for most of the scoundrelism and blackguardism of the world congregated at "the tables" of MM. Blanc and Benazet, who got their final marching-orders in 1872. With Eastern Europe Mr. Kingston is almost as well acquainted as with West Hampstead, and the abundant information concerning the moral and material progress made by Roumania and Bulgaria of late years deserves, and will probably secure, careful perusal at a moment when the war-storm seems about to burst once again. Mr. Kingston sketches all he sees lightly and gracefully, and with no little humour. To say that he is seldom dull might be to pay him a dubious compliment. We can safely say, however, that most people will laugh heartily over his stories and enjoy his descriptions of many familiar and unfamiliar places and people. Once take up the book and you are bound to go on with it, and when you have finished the "Notes" the chances are that you will want to begin them again from the beginning.

#### THE GOTHs.\*

TO tell the "Story of the Goths" as it should be told demands a minute and critical knowledge of some of the obscurer parts of history, the power of writing with spirit as well as with scientific exactness, and a considerable acquaintance with philology. Short as the book before us is, it contains many things that prove it to be the work of a scholar fitted in every respect for the work he has undertaken. Among the philological matters of which Mr. Bradley treats are the signification of the name Goths, which he derives from a word found only in compounds, such as *Guthiuda*, "people of the Goths," and signifying "the (nobly) born," the derivation of the Runic alphabet, which, in common with Dr. Isaac Taylor, he traces to a corruption of the old Greek alphabet, and the character and value of Wulfila's Gothic Bible. He begins his story with the division of the Goths, while settled on the northern shore of the Black Sea, into Thervings, or Visigoths, and Greutungs, or Ostrogoths; notes the curious coincidence that these latter names, West Goths and East Goths, "continued to be appropriate down to the latest days of Gothic history"; and gives a rapid sketch of the wars of the Goths with the Eastern Empire until their overthrow by Claudius at Naesus. The importance of this battle is well pointed out. Had the Goths been victorious, the South of Europe would have lain at their mercy, and "many ages of civilization would in a great measure have been blotted out." When the day of their triumph came they had already accepted Christianity, and were to some extent civilized, and they appear as the "saviours of the Roman world" from degradation and misgovernment. After bringing down Ostrogothic history to the end of the period of Hunnish sovereignty and to the birth of Theoderic, the "child of victory," on the day of his uncle's triumph over the Huns, Mr. Bradley follows the relations between the Visigoths and the Roman Emperors, describes the folly of Valens, who allowed the Goths to enter the Empire, and then "let them be goaded into rebellion," and gives a spirited account of their victory over him at Hadrianople. After this calamity, the only hope of saving the Empire lay in the policy of "unreserved confidence" adopted by Theodosius, whose "seeming rashness was the truest prudence." The effects of his wise policy were wiped out by the short-sighted conduct of the Roman Government under his successors. For a while the successes of Alaric were checked by the victories of Stilicho; it again seemed possible that the Visigoths might become useful allies of a Roman Emperor, and again, after the death of Stilicho, the Romans wantonly provoked them. Rome received their answer when, to quote Gibbon's words, "at midnight the Salarian gate was silently opened, and the inhabitants were awakened by the tremendous sound of the Gothic trumpet." Conquered as Rome was, she nevertheless gained a victory over her barbarian conquerors; for Atawulf declared that he was "convinced that the Goths were too rude and lawless to be capable of ruling the world"; he sought an alliance with Honorius, and the ceremonies observed at his marriage with Galla Placidia signified the power that Imperial Rome exercised over his mind. Difference of religion was, however, an

endless and fruitful source of discord between the Goths and the Romans, and the Visigothic kingdom, which took in Spain and nearly all Gaul south of Loire and west of the Rhône, was weakened by theological hatred. The Goths were Arians, their Gaulish subjects Catholics, and though the Goths were generally tolerant, the Church in Southern Gaul fell into a state of disorganization under their rule, and "this excited the bitterest indignation both in the kingdom itself and among Catholic Christians in all the neighbouring lands." In spite of the mediation of Theoderic the Ostrogoth, Clovis took advantage of the Arianism of the Visigoths, made war on them as heretics, and drove them out of nearly all their Gaulish dominions. Mr. Bradley's account of the life and reign of Theoderic is excellent as far as it goes. The subject has been so thoroughly worked by Mr. Hodgkin that it is probably impossible to add anything to what he has written on it. At the same time, it is a gain to have his conclusions presented in a short and popular form, and by an author who has evidently studied the *Varia* diligently on his own account. In the remarks on Theoderic's policy of religious toleration some notice should have been taken of the power of the Roman Church, and of the political influence that the theological disputes of Constantinople exercised in Italy, and more emphasis might well have been laid on the nature of Theoderic's blunder, which arrayed all the might of the Church in opposition to the Gothic rule and on the side of the Emperor. The long war which began with the siege of Naples by Belisarius, and ended with the extinction of the Ostrogothic nation, is admirably told. A necessarily brief record is given of the somewhat obscure history of the Visigothic kings of Spain, and the volume ends with a notice of the last traces of the once mighty nation of the Goths.

#### TECHNICAL EDUCATION.\*

THE proposition that no scheme of national education is complete unless it embraces the teaching of handicrafts is prominently considered in all three of the interesting volumes before us, despite certain modifications of view which are in each instance the result of experience rather than of tenacious faith in theory. Mr. Leland and Professor Woodward alike urge the importance of industrial art or science training in Government schools, and their books are records of practical experience. Though Mr. Leland is principally concerned with the development of industrial art instruction, and Mr. Woodward's scheme of manual training is chiefly scientific, the tendency of both books is the same. They revolutionize the pedagogic ideal of education. Their aim is the fuller equipment of the young for the competitive struggles of life. Their method is uncompromisingly objective. They would train the eye and the hand by practical acquaintance with technical means, mechanical appliances, and so forth, instead of merely cramming the youthful brain with facts and figures drawn from books. Mr. Leland is not more convinced of the exceeding value of object lessons than Mr. Woodward is of the advantages that spring from the collateral instruction of class-rooms and workshops. Miss Margaret Smith's excellent translation of Herr Seidel's discourse on industrial instruction introduces a remarkable work to English and American readers. Herr Seidel is something more than a theorist, steeped in the ideas of Rousseau, Jean Paul, Pestalozzi, Froebel, Rosmini, and other educational apostles, and he is altogether free from the dogmatism of a reformer with a theory of his own. He has long been an observer—and, as his book shows, an enlightened observer—of the practical outcome of public education in Europe, whence the movement in England and America in favour of technical education has directly sprung. If he makes no reference to English or American activity in this direction, it is—and Mr. Woodward acknowledges as much with respect to his own country—because Germany, France, and other Continental countries were first in the field. Herr Seidel is chiefly occupied in this little book in combatting objections to industrial instruction in primary schools. He concludes with an eloquent panegyric of labour, but he is careful to distinguish between the labour of little hands in the course of training and that of adults in the markets of the world. Though we are told he was first attracted to educational problems by the writings of Karl Marx, he approaches the subject from the standpoint of his own experience as teacher, and not wholly from that of the Socialist or economist. It is clear from his supplementary *résumé* that Herr Seidel's advocacy of hand labour in schools is inspired by the strongest conviction of its preparative virtue as a means towards development and a safeguard against idleness, "the beginning of all crimes." He does not regard the introduction of manual labour in schools with favour wholly, because, as Karl Marx says, it will increase the "productiveness of the community." The phrase is liable to serious misapprehension when used in connexion with this subject. It is one of the commonest objections to industrial training in schools, when such training goes hand in hand with the practice of handicrafts, that competition with certain trades or arts is excited that may

\* *Practical Education*. By Charles G. Leland. London: Whittaker & Co. 1888.

*The Manual Training School*. By C. M. Woodward. Boston: Heath & Co.

*Industrial Instruction*. By Robert Seidel. Translated by Margaret K. Smith. Boston: Heath & Co.

\* *The Story of the Nations—The Goths*. By Henry Bradley. London: T. Fisher Unwin. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1888.

prove dangerous. Herr Seidel declares that this can never arise while schools are schools and factories remain factories. No school in which manual instruction is given can compete with the manufactory, with its skilled workmen and machinery. Any attempt to push the legitimate uses of industrial training beyond the true sphere of education would be "in no way educative, but, like factory labour, would be stupefying in its effects." Mr. Woodward writes in the same spirit of the aims of the Manual Training School, connected with the Washington University, at St. Louis, Mo. "We do not claim to teach trades," he says; "everything is for the benefit of the boy. He is the only article to be put upon the market." He repeatedly observes that there is no competition, attempted or possible, between the workshops of the school and manufactories, machine works, and so forth. Each of the three divisions of the school is occupied daily with one hour of drawing and two hours of shop work, while a minimum of three hours is devoted to mathematics, literature, languages, and science, with "enough private study," as Mr. Woodward rather vaguely remarks, "to learn those lessons." The Manual Training Schools in America, of which the St. Louis school is a type, are therefore much more than preparatory to technical institutes. The result aimed at is certainly not mean. "The cultured mind, the skilful hand"; this is their motto.

The moral of these volumes is one, and sufficiently obvious. No scheme of technical education can be productive of large and beneficial results to the nation that is not based on elementary training. It must begin with primary schools and continue, not supersede, the first objective training of youth. When bad times and the disconcerting progress of science overtook our laggard farmers, it was seriously suggested that the Royal Agricultural Society should set about the business of teaching farmers how to farm profitably. Quite recently it was proposed to establish training colleges for intending emigrants, in order that they should not land on foreign shores entirely destitute of chemical knowledge and the handling of implements. This would be an excellent scheme, if those to benefit by it were children, which is precisely what agricultural emigrants seldom are. Mr. Leland tells the story of a very great artist, who, when complimented on his skill, remarked, "I began to draw at fourteen; and every day of my life I realize the fact that I should draw twice as well if I had begun at seven." There may be something in this of the self-depreciation of genius; but there is no doubt about the truth of Mr. Leland's corollary. "From seven to fourteen years of age a certain suppleness, knack, or dexterous familiarity with the pencil or any implement may be acquired which diminishes with succeeding years." And so it is with memory and the perceptive faculty, in proof of which Mr. Leland has much to say concerning his own experience when director of the Public Industrial Art School at Philadelphia. As becomes its title, Mr. Leland's book will be found extremely interesting to teachers, for it is almost entirely founded on practice. Its educational scheme owes very much to Froebel, it is true; but, while Mr. Leland supports it by much wholesome evidence of good fruit, as well as persuasive reasoning, he is keen to detect the faults of the Kindergarten system. There is great force in his remark on the monotony of certain mental exercises or "games" in Kindergarten schools, which have too much of drill or discipline in them to be really recreative and pleasing. Mr. Leland's fundamental aim is to develop the power of learning. Before learning children should acquire the art of learning. And if the ready reader should assume that this is rather the teacher's province, and nothing but the art of teaching, a few pages of the book will soon convince him that Mr. Leland's ideal teacher is not to be picked up in the street or in any Board School.

Naturally, Mr. Leland devotes considerable space to his introduction into American schools of the minor arts and industries, and he has much to say of the marketable nature of the art work produced. He is not at all shy on the subject of competition with the manufacturer and shopkeeper. There is, he thinks, and there ought to be, such competition. He declares that home-made art can rival machine-made work even in price, and he makes certain statements with regard to the metal work of the schools of the Home Arts and Industries Association that ought to render middlemen uneasy and manufacturers agog to reply. But art in Mr. Leland's schools is productive, it would appear, of nothing but beautiful things and fit. It is far above the German brooms and brushes, the Swiss toys, the wooden platters, the straw rugs, and other humble articles of industry mentioned by Herr Seidel. Mr. Woodward's volume is admirably illustrated by diagrams and plans. It comprises a brief but clear sketch of the Manual Training School movement in America, and a full account of the course of study and method of administration pursued at the St. Louis establishment. No one who cares for the cause of technical education can afford to overlook so interesting a record of an interesting experiment.

#### HISTORY OF AMERICA.—VOL. VI.\*

ALTHOUGH this volume of Mr. Winsor's History is in no way inferior to its predecessors either in accuracy or in the critical treatment of authorities, the inconveniences attendant on

\* *Narrative and Critical History of America.* Edited by Justin Winsor, Librarian of Harvard University. Vol. VI. The United States of North America. Part I. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1888.

his plan of historical co-operation are more apparent than they have been before. What we have here is not a history of the American Revolution so much as a series of papers on different phases of it, and this piecemeal method of writing history, which answered well enough when applied to voyages of discovery or the domestic affairs of the various colonies, is ill suited to a subject that requires comprehensive and orderly treatment. While the work of each writer generally leaves little to be desired, the volume as a whole fails to satisfy us. Some subjects of extreme importance receive very inadequate notice. Little, for example, can be gathered, and that only with much labour, as to the feelings with which the mass of the inhabitants of the various colonies regarded the revolutionary struggle at different periods. Financial matters are almost wholly neglected, and the reader is left to find out from other sources how money was raised to meet the expenses of the war, though lack of funds was one of the most serious difficulties that confronted the leaders of the revolutionary party. The scanty notice that is given of the fluctuations in the value of the currency, and the prevalence of questionable or decidedly dishonest dealings in money, merely comes in as a sort of introduction to the account of Arnold's disgrace. While the details of each campaign are recorded with a minuteness that is sometimes tedious, the alliance with France is only mentioned allusively. As the next volume is, we see, to be devoted to the diplomacy of the war, it will no doubt receive due attention there, but it exercised so marked an effect on the events of the war, that it should certainly not be altogether separated from them in a "Narrative History." And this is by no means the only case in which the arrangement adopted here strikes us as clumsy and confusing. For the purposes of cartographical illustration it may be convenient to treat the two campaigns on the Hudson in a single article, but to follow Washington's movements until his retreat into New Jersey, then to give the whole story of the campaign in the North, and after recounting such a decisive event as the Convention of Saratoga, to call the reader back to the winter of 1776, is not the way in which the history of the war should be written. Again, in the paper on the "War in the Southern Department" we are told that "in the early autumn D'Esterre, who after leaving Newport had been cruising with some success in the West Indies, now turned northerly." This is the first mention that we have of D'Esterre, and the reader has to go through more than a hundred pages before he finds out who D'Esterre was or what brought him to Newport. The volume opens with a temperately-written paper by Mr. Chamberlain on the causes of the Revolution and the events that immediately preceded it. His arrangement, however, strikes us as somewhat faulty, and we cannot agree with all he says. Although it suited Franklin and others "to take high prerogative ground," the doctrine that the colonists were "the King's subjects" in any other sense than the inhabitants of Great Britain, and were, in virtue of their relationship to the Crown, in any way exempt from the authority of Parliament, is utterly vain. There is no evidence of such exemption either in their charters or their history, nor was it within the power of an English sovereign to place any number of his subjects outside the dominion of Parliament. The "alleged necessity" for taxing the colonies was not a mere pretence. Troops from England had not only been used in the war with France, and later for the protection of the colonists, who had shown some unwillingness to defend themselves against the Indians, but were needed in order to strengthen the Executive and to enforce the observance of the commercial laws. No doubt these laws were as a whole prejudicial to the interests of the colonies, though, as is frankly allowed here, they afforded them some compensating advantages. Still, whatever may be thought of them, it was clearly the duty of the supreme Government to check the lawless disregard of them that had become prevalent during the late war. But, like the people of the mother-country, the Americans had no love for a standing army, and greater prominence should have been given to the influence of this feeling on the progress of discontent. In common, we imagine, with a good many other people, Mr. Chamberlain thinks that the Riot Act rendered it unlawful in any case for soldiers to fire on a mob without the order of a civil magistrate, and he astonishes us by announcing that Burke was "not acting in good faith" when he brought forward his resolutions condemning the policy, or rather lack of policy, pursued by Lord North's Administration with respect to American affairs, on the ground that some one or other observed that he was acting not so much for the good of the colonies as in the interests of the Opposition. Mr. Chamberlain ought to know that Burke's good faith is not to be impugned on the strength of observations of this sort, and would do well to learn what is implied by government by party. The editor's narrative of the early events of the war is fairly interesting, and his critical essay exhaustive and admirably illustrated. It is followed by a rather unsatisfactory paper on the "Sentiment of Independence." The author—who, by the way, believes that an English bishop is a "lord both spiritual and temporal"—says that "it is rarely . . . when so large a measure of the responsibility for bringing about a signal revolution in the great affairs of a nation can, as in this instance, be charged upon an individual, and that was his Majesty George III." To this remarkable sentence the editor appends a footnote, pointing out that the King was not individually responsible for the outbreak of the war. This is well enough; but Mr. Winsor should not have printed the author's foolish remarks on this subject in the text of a work for which he is responsible.

Major-General Cullum contributes an excellent account of the



"Struggle for the Hudson," and adds some sound criticisms on the mistakes committed by Howe and Burgoyne. In his account of the Northern campaign he warmly defends Schuyler from the unfavourable judgment pronounced on him by Mr. Bancroft, and contends with good reason that he prepared the way for Gates's success by baffling Burgoyne, who was already in great difficulties when Schuyler was most unfairly superseded. He devotes a long note to the breach of the Convention of Saratoga, and decides that "neither party was scrupulous in carrying out its obligations." We are unable to see that Burgoyne's hesitation, which, after all, came to nothing, as to finally signing the Convention, or his hasty remark when complaining of the ill-usage of his troops, or such trifles as the non-surrender of the cartouch-boxes, in any degree justify the refusal of Congress to allow the troops to embark. General Cullum allows that the resolution of Congress was "disingenuous and contrary to the principles of international law," and it is a pity that he tries to find excuses for it by endeavouring, as we think most unsuccessfully, to show that it was provoked by the conduct of the British. The causes of Burgoyne's failure are clearly exhibited. Even if Lord George Germaine had not added to his other iniquities by neglecting to order Howe to co-operate with the army in Canada, it would have been almost impossible for him to have done so effectually; for the bases of the two armies were separated "by four hundred miles of wild, hostile, and thinly populated country." Burgoyne had no adequate means of provisioning his troops, and his army was often on reduced rations; he made more than one serious mistake in tactics, and when he might have followed up his early successes by pressing vigorously on a "demoralized foe," gave the Americans time to recover confidence. In his chapter on the "Struggle for the Delaware," Mr. Stone takes up the story of Washington's operations at the moment of his retreat through New Jersey, when the fortunes of the colonists were at their lowest ebb. He shows how by the exercise of extraordinary skill and courage, seconded by Howe's inactivity, Washington succeeded in proving that the cause of the rebels was not hopeless; for, though they were defeated at Germantown, "the moral results of the battle were in their favour," and he describes the deplorable condition of the army at Valley Forge, and the attacks made upon Washington by a jealous faction among the other generals, who contrasted the small apparent results of the Southern campaign with Gates's success in the North. A few details are given of the gaieties in Philadelphia during the British occupation, and the narrative is brought down to the evacuation of the city and the failure of the attempt to cut off Clinton's rear-guard at Monmouth. Besides adding a valuable note on the sources of information, Mr. Winsor relates and examines the story of Arnold's desertion and the execution of André. That André's execution can be defended by the rules of war is, of course, generally allowed; indeed, as far as technical grounds are concerned, the only point that can be urged in his favour is that he was not aware until too late that Arnold was bringing him within the enemy's lines. As we have, in an article to which Mr. Winsor does us the honour to refer, already discussed the question whether Washington acted in a manner worthy of his high character in delivering over this gallant young officer to a shameful death, we shall not return to the subject. We must, however, express our regret that Mr. Winsor has thought it seemly to end his note with the remark that "the power to face death with a calm and graceful courage may, indeed, be mated with the moral lightness that belongs to an intellectual popinjay and a debased intriguer." If he does not mean these epithets to apply to André, the sentence is simple bunkum; if he does, it proves that he is incapable of fulfilling one of the first duties of an historian. Mr. Channing, who writes on the "War in the Southern Department," points out how far Clinton and Cornwallis differed as to the plan of operations, considers that Cornwallis is not to be held responsible for the fortification of Yorktown, and acquits both Clinton and Admiral Graves of negligence in delaying to relieve him on the ground that the fleet had suffered so severely in the recent encounter with De Grasse that it could not put to sea until the damage had been repaired. The chapter on the "Naval History of the American Revolution" is confined to notices of privateers, such as Paul Jones and Wickes, and of the few ships that were fitted out by Congress. While privateers sailing under the rebel flag undoubtedly did much harm to English commerce, every attempt the Americans made at combined naval action was completely unsuccessful; and until a French fleet came to their assistance their naval operations had no effect on the progress of the war. The border warfare of the whole period, from the outbreak of Pontiac's rebellion to the Peace of Versailles, is separately treated by Mr. Davis, who makes it perfectly clear that the rebels were the first to employ Indians in the war, and that they would undoubtedly have employed them far more largely than they did if they had been able to bring them over to their side. The maps and plans with which this volume is liberally supplied add greatly to its value, and are of much service to the reader. At the same time, some of the fac-similes of proclamations and the like that are given in the narrative portions of the work interrupt the text in a rather annoying manner.

## WILLIAM III.\*

AMONG Mr. Morley's commissioners for the purpose of biographizing "Twelve English Statesmen," no one, perhaps, has a subject more clearly marked off and mapped out beforehand than Mr. Traill has had with William the Deliverer. Almost the only possible danger in this direction was that to which Mr. Freeman has partially succumbed in his dealing with the other William—the danger of bestowing too much space on the early and non-English years of his hero. But a writer practised, like Mr. Traill, in more periods than one of history, and more branches than one of literature, is exceptionally free from this risk. He has kept the general purpose and purport of the series steadily in view, and prefacing only so much as was necessary to put the reader in a proper position to judge, has devoted himself mainly, if not wholly, to his title-subject of William III. as an English statesman.

To only one class of persons—the devotees of Macaulay *per fas et nefas*—is his dealing likely to be other than satisfactory; and that, alas! cannot be helped. It is now a well-established rule, broken in no single instance, that whenever a patient, intelligent, and impartial student comes to rehandle in detail a subject which Macaulay has treated, he has to fall foul of that very brilliant and singularly untrustworthy person. No matter what the subject is—Bacon, Dryden, Claverhouse, Marlborough, William, Impey—the result is quite sure to be the same. The newcomer may rashly and remorselessly shock and upset Macaulay's conclusions, or he may delicately and gingerly remove them and put others in their places, protesting all the while that he thinks Macaulay a greater writer and a greater historian than Gibbon and Thucydides rolled into one, or he may (which is rather Mr. Traill's way) indicate, without either hard or soft language, where Macaulay is wrong. But so long as he is honest and competent the actual result of his investigations is sure to be generally the same. He will find, and he will have to let his readers know, that Macaulay's probably unique combination of the qualities and defects of the special pleader and the rhetorician has made his estimates, whether favourable or unfavourable, constantly untrustworthy, and sometimes, though no doubt not intentionally, yet positively, deceptive. Mr. Traill's contribution to this extensive and as yet unfinished work is a remarkably useful one, for the precise reason that it is quite uncoloured by any kind of passion, even the passion of the counter-advocate. Although he writes pretty obviously as a Tory in most points, he does not display the least leaning to Jacobitism; he is thoroughly convinced that "the Revolution settlement" was the right settlement for England, and his estimate of William's character is decidedly favourable, and, as regards the Deliverer's political honesty, almost enthusiastic.

He speaks accordingly with the greater authority when he points out that the sublime and areopagitic foresight and wisdom of the founders of the above-mentioned settlement is a "Whig legend"; and that the discovery of rigid Party government as rapturously made by Macaulay and nailed down, if not exactly to day yet to year—the years 1693-1695—is a mare's-nest and an anachronism by about half a century. On this latter point the facts are too clear to admit even of discussion. On the former, though Mr. Traill is quite right as against Macaulay and the legend-mongers, we are inclined to think that even he has been rather too merciful to this second B. R. or Blessed Revolution. While pointing out that all the actual parties were illogical and unconstitutional in their contentions, he omits to point out that the very Convention itself was, as a constitutional body, without a leg to stand on. The analogy with its predecessor the Convention which invited Charles II. from Breda will not hold for a moment. Nobody regarded this earlier Convention as a *Constituante*; the King was there ready made; it had only got to invite, to welcome him, and to receive his already authoritative acceptance and approval of its acts. The later Convention had not only no authority to assemble, but it had none to separate or to transform itself into a Parliament, for the necessary Royal assent was only given, and could only be given, by an authority which the Convention itself had created—an authority which, according to the most obvious rules both of law and of logic, could be in no sense superior to that of its source. Further, such vague and shadowy authority as the Convention did possess, derived from the previous Congress of the members of Parliament, was hopelessly flawed by the exclusion of just those persons who were in a sense representative—the members of the Parliament of James II. All this does not, of course, make against the "settlement" viewed as a *coup d'état* (which it was in fact, though not in form or origin), perfectly lawless in origin, but beneficial in consequence; nor does it make against Mr. Traill's milder, but not wholly dissimilar, view of it as "a dispute of preferences between alternative candidates for the throne." On the contrary, it illustrates still more forcibly an excellent sentence of his own:—"All our great constitutional precedents are the parents of principle rather than its offspring; we deduce our theories from accomplished facts, themselves determined by no theoretical considerations, but by certain practical exigencies of the moment."

Another excellent test-passage is that in which Mr. Traill deals with the Glencoe business and Macaulay's singular excuse for William. The matter is so complicated that probably no absolutely

\* *Twelve English Statesmen—William the Third.* By H. D. Traill. London: Macmillan & Co. 1888.

certain result as to all points of it can ever be arrived at. But Mr. Traill's supposition that William did entertain, as almost any seventeenth-century commander would have entertained, the idea of the Macdonalds being extirpated as a military necessity, though he certainly did not entertain the idea of the treacherous scoundrelism actually committed, is certainly more reasonable than Macaulay's supposition that one of the most businesslike of rulers first signed general death warrants without looking at them, then "forgot" to inquire into the matter when the Scotch Parliament actually set inquiry on foot, and, lastly, took no steps to punish Dalrymple for what, if this theory be accepted, was a most atrocious and insolent abuse of the King's confidence and the King's power. And in the same way the various questions requiring treatment are handled throughout—that is to say, with a perfect absence of prejudice, and with that faculty of judging evidence which the historians of special periods and special persons in our day display perhaps less often than any other quality. The general narrative is also good, and though Mr. Traill does not pretend to deal with military matters with any extreme minuteness, his handling of them is judicious and thorough. He is, we think, quite right in holding that in the wars which were ended for a time by the peace of Ryswick, William was distinctly out-generalled, though he is not ungenerous enough to draw the moral that "the little gentleman in black velvet" is sincerely to be thanked for having let in a better commander to conduct the final struggle. But, though he does not do this, he does take occasion, and we are very glad of it, to denounce and expose the modern delusion of Radicals and historicasters, that the efforts of William and of Marlborough were productive of no good to England. Of all the historical events of the last three hundred years, three things have done most, have done indeed almost everything by themselves, to make the greatness of England; and these three things are—the struggles with Spain during the sixteenth century, and the struggles with France at the beginning and end of the eighteenth. Of the various heroes who conducted these on the English side, Mr. Traill has had to do with the least personally engaging. It is true that William's inviolable honesty (at least as to his bargain with the English people and Parliament) and his steadfast heroism enable one to regard him, if not exactly with admiration, at any rate with respect, and Mr. Traill has skilfully availed himself of this. Indeed he is rather kind to the unquestionable ingratitude and duplicity of William's conduct towards his father-in-law before the actual landing at Torbay. But, on the whole, his estimate and sentence are just as well as generous; and his summing-up is worth quoting as an excellent piece of historical writing:—

Nor in what has been written in criticism of the Whig legend would I for a moment be suspected of undervaluing the debt which Englishmen owe to William of Orange. It is not necessary to exalt him into a divinely inspired progenitor of the British Constitution in order to recognize fully the greatness of the services which he rendered to it. He was not "Father of the Constitution" in the sense in which the poet is the father of his poem, or the philosopher of his theory; but assuredly he was so in the sense in which we say that a child has found a "second father" in an upright guardian, who, while not, it may be, comprehending his character, or in sympathy with his spirit, or foreseeing his future, has yet been his vigilant protector through the perils of childhood, and has accounted for his patrimony to the uttermost farthing. That William stood in this relation to our modern English polity throughout his too short reign, and that he loyally discharged its obligations, is indisputable. The virtues which enabled him to do so were mainly three, which are essential to all good and faithful guardianship, whether of children or constitutions—the virtues of good sense, self-restraint, and honesty. And the greatest of these three is honesty. William's practical wisdom always told him the moment when to yield in a struggle with his Parliament; and when that moment arrived his naturally passionate temper never failed to answer to the rein. But even at those moments there would often have been an evil alternative open to him, from which the fundamental integrity of his nature always turned aside. He scrupled not to use all the arts of political "management" which were sanctioned by the lax morality of his day; he exerted his prerogative freely to gain his ends; but he knew that the compact between him and his people was that in the last resort the will of the people should prevail, and this compact he never attempted either to violate or to evade. Here he was as emphatically a *Re Galantissimo*, a "King Honestman," as was Victor Emmanuel himself.

"Hos ante effigies majorum pone tuorum,  
Precedant ipsas illi, te consule, virgas."

Rulers who have earned this name may justly rank it, if only for its rarity, above every other title of honour—even though, themselves the creators or regenerators of nations, they can look back upon the splendid achievements of the Counts of Nassau, or the long ancestral glories of the House of Savoy.

If we add a short phrase of happy irony from an earlier passage—

Fate made William of Orange a Whig hero, and in arranging his preliminary condition ordained also by inevitable sequence his exposure to some measure of the polemical resentments which his votaries have never failed to concentrate upon themselves.—

we shall have shown to some extent the goodness of the manner in which Mr. Traill has set forth matter unusually sound and good.

GEORGE EDMUND STREET.\*

IT is well that a record should be published of the life and work of an architect of such eminence as the late Mr. Street; and we cannot but think that the author of the volume before us has been well advised in restricting his pages as much as possible to an

account of his lamented father's public career. The private life of Mr. Street was marked by events which brought upon him a somewhat larger share of personal sorrow than falls to the lot of every one. These passages are but briefly detailed. With his success as an architect, and his gradual rise to the head of his profession, his biographer is much more concerned, and his many faithful friends will welcome this memorial of one who deserves to be recalled with warm regret. The seven years which have passed since his sudden death have thinned the ranks of those who knew him best and loved him most. But enough remain to recommend his career as one worthy to be studied by the younger members of his profession. The example he set of thoroughness in his work deserves to be widely known. His "infinite capacity for taking pains," coupled with an eye for beauty of form and line, gave him the best chances of success; and, though the largest of his works are not the greatest, it must be allowed that it is where external interference, not any fault of the architect, marred the original designs. Street was probably one of the most indefatigable workers who ever lived. His biographer quotes a passage from his diary showing what he got through on three successive days. One of them is as follows:—

Design for reredos for York Minster. Ground plan for new church at Barnsley. Wrote to Mr. Roe with estimate for the completion of Christ Church, Dublin. Altered design for altar-cloth, St. Paul's, Rome. Drew large gates and railings, Marlborough College.

Some great men show their ability in finding and directing others to do their work. This was especially the case with a very eminent architect a little the senior of Street. His pupils were many and served him well, while they rapidly acquired skill in design. But it was not Street's way. Whatever issued from his office had gone through his own hands, and bore the impress of his own mind, and no one else's. Whether this is well or ill we cannot undertake to say. It had at least two drawbacks. The first was, that the pupils and assistants obtained less practice and knowledge than if there had been more entrusted to them; and the second was still more serious. The architect himself was worn out. He was only fifty-seven when he died of a second attack of paralysis, brought on by private sorrow, no doubt, in some degree, but chiefly by incessant labour, prolonged through whole days and into the small hours. Like many other men of delicate artistic perceptions, he was very fond of music, and had he not turned architect would assuredly have been a remarkable painter. His sketches were often finished pictures, and the rapidity and ease with which he drew were only exceeded by his accuracy. One of his friends had a photographic album, on a large page of which she had put Mr. Street's photograph. One day while chatting in the middle of the family he drew on this page with pen and ink the picture of an old village inn, the signboard being the *G. E. Street's Head*. His son reports of him on a sketching tour that, after travelling by train all night, he would begin drawing on a bitter spring morning with his pencil as steady and as agile as in midsummer. "He drew just as well and firmly whether he supported his book on his knee or merely held it in his hand as he stood." His advice to young sketchers always turned on the importance of self-reliance, and he never carried indiarubber.

Two things must be taken into account in estimating the merits of Street's great building, the New Law Courts. One is the constant and unnecessary interference of members of the Government with the design. The other, Street's failing health, and the final removal of the master's hand when the building was approaching completion. Compared with the only other two great Gothic secular buildings of our time in London—the Houses of Parliament and the St. Pancras Hotel—it stands very high both in picturesqueness and suitability to its purpose. Scott's Hotel shows us what he would have liked to do at the India Office, and, bad as the present building in Whitehall is, it might, we see, have been worse. The Palace of Westminster is designed on Classical, not on Gothic, principles. The New Law Courts, with much originality in detail, are essentially mediæval in treatment. Street entered on his work imbued with Gothic feeling and Gothic fervour; and had he not been thwarted and mortified, and the best features of his design nipped off, one by one, we might have had a worthy building at Temple Bar, one which might have solved for us the question between Gothic and Italian, which still remains unsettled.

Street's life very nearly "synchronized" with the rise, culmination, and decline of what is known in history as "the great Gothic revival." He describes in a lively letter the turn of the tide in the Institute; and his remarks, few and not ill-natured, on Sir William Tite give us a clue to the real bearings of the whole controversy. In 1841, when he began to study, Palladian architecture was dead. The prominent architects of the previous generation had, unfortunately, taken to "Grecian," of which it was not possible to know much at the time. Hardwick and Burton were men who would have succeeded in any style, and their comparative success in "Grecian" had a fatal effect on the old Italian or Palladian style of Wren and Inigo Jones. It is quite possible that the mathematical or archaeological difficulties which beset the path of the student of the so-called Grecian style turned the minds of the new school towards Gothic. Proportion was thrown to the winds, yet the old superstition about balance remained; and while Thompson of Glasgow was on the point of revealing a phase of Greek architecture which would have satisfied the requirements of the picturesque and classical schools equally, the "great Gothic revival" burst upon us. The Exhibition of 1851 and the Manchester Exhibition of 1857, with their

\* *Memoir of George Edmund Street, R.A.* By his Son, Arthur Edmund Street. London: Murray. 1888



attempts at modern imitation of the great thirteenth-century models, and their manifestation of the wonderful works of the pre-Raphaelite brotherhood, did much to foster the Gothic revival. On the top of the tide which flowed in for some twenty years we most frequently meet with the names of Scott, Street, and Burges. Of these Scott showed the least signs of original artistic genius, and Burges showed the greatest; yet the race was not to the swift nor the battle to the strong. Scott seldom came into competition with the other two, who were in fact his pupils; but Street repeatedly distanced Burges, who was heavily handicapped by his short sight. Scott suffered, but in a minor degree, from the same disadvantage; and Street, who had the eye of a hawk, or who, as Ben Jonson said of John Stow, had "most monstrous observation," no doubt, when anything was in competition, had much the best of it. But, except in few cases, and those, as it happened, cases of considerable prominence, Street avoided competitions. He took warmly to "restoration," and did many things of which he afterwards repented. His son is rather inclined to draw a veil across some of these atrocities; but it is known that during the last few years of his life Street sympathized with the objects of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings. He strongly disapproved of the Vandalisms perpetrated at St. Albans Abbey; and had probably learnt in his long experience that it is not possible to restore a church or any other building to the condition in which it stood so many years or centuries ago; while the greatest part of its historical or picturesque interest would be sacrificed in making the hopeless attempt.

In his eighth chapter Mr. Arthur Street details the course of the long controversy about the New Law Courts, and his narrative is characterized by great moderation and fairness, considering the way things were managed, especially by Mr. Ayrton, who "professedly regarded and spoke of architecture as a trade of the same dignity as the market-gardener's." From February 1866 to February 1874, when at last the contracts were signed, Street was worried by every kind of great and little annoyance that could be put upon him. He "was the subject, more or less continuously, of bitter and personal attacks by the self-elected upholders of the canons of art," and was not supported as he should have been by the Office of Works—where, indeed, he received little countenance or encouragement. The petty delays caused by Mr. Ayrton's false and unreal attempts at economy were very costly. Prices were going up every day; the interest on the value of the site was accumulating rapidly. The rates and taxes on the empty land amounted to 9,500*l.* a year. Still Mr. Ayrton continued and protracted the controversy. Even long after work was begun a strike caused many months' delay, and, as Mr. Arthur Street justly observes, the amount of actual physical and mental work which the architect underwent in the execution of his task must have been a severe strain even to so robust a constitution. "My father," he says, "was constantly harassed day and night by his efforts to get the work through without a stoppage. He was successful, but it cost him his life."

We may remark, in conclusion, that this very interesting biography is badly in need of a table of contents and of chapter headings, and may note among the omissions that it contains no account of the church of St. Philip and St. James at Oxford. There should have been some notice of this remarkable building. Mr. Arthur Street does not apparently understand heraldry—an odd omission in the education of a Gothic architect—and in his first chapter speaks of a monument whereon "the arms of the Streets and Austens are quartered," when he should have said "impaled." These are small matters. The *Memoir of George Edmund Street* is a very charming book.

#### TENNYSON AND BROWNING.\*

THE first volume of the convenient new edition of Browning's works contains *Pauline* and *Sordello*. When, in 1867, Mr. Browning, for the first time, included the former among his collected works, he did it in some sort under compulsion, being satisfied that, if he neglected to reprint it himself, some one at least of the existing transcripts would receive the honours of type at other hands. He then issued it without changing a syllable, and introduced it with "an exculpatory word" to the effect that it was a "crude preliminary sketch," made at a time when good draughtsmanship and right handling were beyond his power. Now, twenty years after, to leave it still unaltered has seemed intolerable, and "the helplessness of juvenile haste and heat" has been crutched and controlled by the aid of experience. Solecisms have been removed, metre mended, phraseology strengthened, and to the long prefatory quotation from Cornelius Agrippa is appended a footnote in square brackets emphasizing the fact that it refers to and implies, not the fragment which is now *Pauline*, but the non-existent whole of which *Pauline* is actually a part. Some of the alterations consist in the breaking up of the piece into shorter metrical paragraphs, and there are many metre-mendings like the following:—

As on the works of mighty bards I gazed,  
for  
As I gazed on the works of mighty bards,

\* The Poetical Works of Robert Browning. Vol. 1. *Pauline—Sordello*. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. The Works of Alfred Lord Tennyson. Vol. V. *Enoch Arden* and *In Memoriam*. London: Macmillan & Co. 1888.

which is certainly (as George says of the beer in the *Old Curiosity Shop*) "more flatterer than it might be." Elsewhere the replacing of

For ever by those springs and trees fruit-flushed,  
by

For ever 'neath those garden-trees fruit-flushed,

corrects an original slip of the pen. There is not much in the way of actual addition, except that a broken line consisting of the single word "Smiling . . ." is made up by the addition of "Oh, vanity of vanities!" which can scarcely lay claim to great novelty as an utterance. At the same time a comparison of the parallel texts shows that the revision has been close and thorough. Whether it will have the effect of extending the study of this curious mental record beyond the inner circle of Browning students, to whom, we gather, it has always presented more than the average amount of "wild and whirling words," is matter of opinion. But, as Mrs. Sutherland Orr points out in her admirable handbook, while admitting it to be "the one of Mr. Browning's longer poems of which no intelligible abstract is possible" (rather an unwise phrase, by the way, to fling among the Philistines!), it contains much that throws a light upon the individuality of the poet himself. For example, there is the fine passage at page 14 beginning "I am made up of an intensest life"; there are the references to Plato which illustrate his early studies; and there are the tributes to Shelley, an invocation to whom as the "Sun-treader" concludes the fragment. The mention of Mrs. Orr reminds us that the other piece in the volume can scarcely now present its first asperities to those who, seeking for something craggy to break their spirits upon, take *Sordello* in combination with her skilful summary. But why are the old characteristic headlines omitted? And if "metre-mending" is to be the order of the day, surely one might plead for some readjustment of the curious line at page 288—

Like the chine of some extinct animal—

which only the most indulgent vocal coaxing can utter rhythmically.

Those who recall the appearance in 1864 of the plain green volume containing *Enoch Arden*, *Aylmer's Field*, *Sea Dreams*, *Tithonus*, the *Northern Farmer*, and the welcome to that gracious "Sea-kings' daughter from over the sea" who has since celebrated her silver wedding, will perhaps lament the unfamiliar arrangement which, careless not only of chronology but time-honoured association, pairs, in the fifth volume of Lord Tennyson's Works, the first-named poem with the *In Memoriam* of fourteen years before. But publishers take little count of the sentimental grievances of elderly persons in the forties who loved their Laureate when he was not yet a lord. They would probably bid them console themselves with better type, and Mr. Stodart's delicate vignette after Whateley of the little old-fashioned Clevedon church, between its rounded grass-grown cliffs, where, "by that broad water of the west," sleeps the body of Arthur Hallam:—

And then I know the mist is drawn  
A lucid veil from coast to coast,  
And in the dark church like a ghost  
Thy tablet glimmers to the dawn.

How well one remembers words, epithets, stanzas in that wonderful measure of which so many "have got the seed!" By-and-bye will come the "copiously annotated" edition, whose readers will know all about the "bar of Michael Angelo," the "sea-blue bird of March," and the old *cruces* of the early students, perhaps even about

him who sings  
To one clear harp in divers tones;

although it has (we believe) been stated, "on the highest authority," that no such person exists. But will they ever read *In Memoriam* as we did—"we that are very old," as Steele says—will they ever watch with Enoch

The blaze upon the waters to the east;  
The blaze upon his island overhead;  
The blaze upon the waters to the west;  
Then the great stars that globed themselves in Heaven,  
The hollower bellowing ocean, and again  
The scarlet shafts of sunrise—but no sail—

as watched we, to whom these poems of well nigh a quarter of a century ago have grown part of our experience and our expression? Let those who follow read them better; at least we read them first.

#### THE STORY OF CREATION.\*

TO compress Darwin and Spencer and something more into 240 pages is a task for which few are competent and fewer still would care to attempt. This is what Mr. Clodd undertakes to do in the little volume before us; and, judging by the result, probably no one could have done it better. It is a service for which many serious people will be thankful, both among those who are inclined to accept Darwinism and those whose attitude to the new gospel is hostile. Not many have the time, even if they had the requisite training, to steer their way through the many volumes in which Darwin and Mr. Spencer have elaborated their systems. Yet it is absolutely necessary for every one who desires to be abreast of his time to have some clear, if elementary, know-

\* The Story of Creation: a Plain Account of Evolution. By Edward Clodd. London: Longmans & Co. 1888.

ledge of the theory of the universe which is connected with the names of these two potent thinkers and writers. Mr. Clodd, then, who is already known to many by his attractive and simple *Childhood of the World*, seeks in this new volume to trace the development of the universe from its elements on the lines of evolution. It is not necessary for us here to discuss the merits of the doctrine as an explanation of the origin and course of things; our business is simply to show what Mr. Clodd has done and how he has done it.

After a brief introduction Mr. Clodd treats in the first chapter of the Contents of the Universe, which he tells us are Matter and Power, and in the present state of our knowledge no one can gainsay him; nor need the most orthodox fear to accept the position as a starting-point. The origin of Matter and the origin of Power are unthinkable without a cause. The real nature of Power is as much a mystery as the origin of Matter; all we can say about it is that it is invariably accompanied with motion of some kind. Mr. Clodd insists on the doctrine of the Indestructibility of Matter, and explains with great clearness Mendeleef's beautiful grouping of the elements, and the "periodic law" in which they are embraced. He points out that it is many years since Prout formulated the theory that the atomic weights are all multiples of the atomic weight of hydrogen, "the primordial element, the *materia prima*, from which the others are formed by successive condensations." But it is Mendeleef who has been able to adduce something like scientific proof as to the common origin of all the elements.

With Mr. Clodd's statements about Matter it would be difficult to find any fault; but when he comes to deal with "Power" it seems to us as if his usual clearness and grasp had been in abeyance. We all know the trouble that most writers—except Professor Tait—get into when they use the terms Force and Energy. Mr. Grant Allen endeavoured to get rid of the ever-recurring difficulty by using the term Power for the one activity which is at the bottom of all forms of motion, and deciding to call one set of results Force, and another set Energy. Mr. Clodd has unreservedly followed Mr. Grant Allen, and, as expounded by him, the new application of the terms seems to us quite arbitrary, and to make confusion worse confounded. "Force," according to Mr. Clodd's conception, "is that which produces or quickens motion, binding together two or more particles of ponderable matter, and which retards or resists motion tending to separate such particles. Gravitation, molecular attraction, or cohesion, and chemical attraction, or affinity, are given as examples of Force." "Energy," again, "is that which produces or quickens motion separately, and which resists or retards motion binding together two or more particles of matter, or of the ethereal medium." Mr. Clodd then refers to kinetic and potential energy, giving examples—a stone on a roof or a mountain, a clock wound up, &c., having potential energy, which becomes kinetic when the stone falls and the clock goes. The persistence of Force and the conservation of Energy are grouped under a common phrase, the Indestructibility of Power. Attraction between masses, or gravitation, is classed under Force, and of course includes the attraction between the moon and the earth. But the attraction between a falling stone and the earth is kinetic energy. Supposing, then, the stone fell from the moon, or let us say, a bit of the moon itself fell, would that still be kinetic energy or only force? Again, "Attraction between atoms" is force, but "atoms rushing together to form molecules" is kinetic energy. Is not this really a distinction without a difference? We hope Mr. Clodd may be induced to revise this section for a new edition, and reduce it to the simplicity and clearness of the rest of the book.

After a chapter on the "Distribution of Matter in Space," Mr. Clodd deals with the geological record and the past life-history of the earth. This is an admirable chapter, in which the gradual development of life upon the earth from lower to higher forms, from that doubtful creature *Eozoon Canadense* up to man, is traced with an articulation and clearness that must convince any open-minded reader. The judiciously selected illustrations to this chapter are a great help, and include that insoluble crux to anti-evolutionists—the series showing the development of the horse's foot. The longest chapter in the book is that on present life-forms, in which the cell-theory is clearly expounded, and the analogies and difference between plants and animals explained. While Mr. Clodd shows that the two have much in common, and probably have a common origin, he cautions the uninformed reader against imagining that the animal is derived from the plant, that the one is a highly developed form of the other. These, however, are points which are brought out in detail in the second part, where Mr. Clodd shows that plants and animals are developed collaterally from a common centre. The first part is a succinct and trustworthy statement of the facts of creation on evolutionary lines, so far as investigation has gone. The whole is summarized, so far as life-forms are concerned, in a tree-like diagram, the root of which is protoplasm-plus-chlorophyll.

The second part of Mr. Clodd's volume is headed Explanatory, and here he endeavours to show how the facts of the first section are accounted for on the principles of evolution. The problem to be solved is thus succinctly and clearly stated by Mr. Clodd:—"Given Matter and Power as the raw materials of the universe, is the interaction of Power, under its two forms of a combining force and a separating energy, upon Matter sufficient to account for the totality of non-living and living contents of the universe?" The limits within which science feels herself competent to deal with the problem are so stated as to leave beyond an infinite field for

conjecture. "Of the beginning, of what was before the present state of things, of what will follow the end of it, we know nothing, and speculation about it is futile. Science is concerned with the universe as we find it, the mobile vehicle of ordinary succession, the Evolved or Unfolded, *das Werden*, as the Germans say, or the Becoming; not less wrapped in mystery because we describe it as a mechanical process, and do not fall back upon unknown agencies or assume unknown attributes of Matter or Power to explain it." The starting-point of science on the lines of evolution is thus stated:—"Since everything points to the finite duration of the present universe—for what it now is it once was not, and its state is ever changing—we must make a start somewhere. And we are therefore compelled to posit a primordial nebulous, non-luminous state, where the atoms with their inherent forces and energies stood apart from one another."

On this basis, then, and within these limits, Mr. Clodd traces the evolution of the universe, and more especially the evolution of our own system, and our own earth in particular with all that it supports. His aim is to expound the views adopted by advanced evolutionists, and in this task he is completely successful. The only serious leap which he is compelled to take is from the inorganic to the organic, from dead matter to living forms, and here it is that moderate evolutionists will be inclined to part company with Mr. Clodd. He himself is evidently convinced that there has been no break in evolution; that when Matter and Power were launched on their career they were endowed with unlimited possibilities of development, and from that moment no interference whatever has been necessary to accomplish any of the manifold results which constitute the universe with which we are familiar. At the same time Mr. Clodd admits that the origin of life is a profound mystery; no more profound, however, than the origin of crystals, or the origin of water. "It does not seem, after all, such a far cry from the crystal to the amoeba as from the amoeba to Plato and Newton." Still, "the gulf between consciousness and the movements of the molecules of nerve-matter, measurable as they are, is impassable; we can follow the steps of the mechanical processes of nerve-change till we reach the threshold which limits the known, and beyond that barrier we cannot go. We can neither affirm nor deny; we can only confess ignorance." It is not our business here to discuss these insoluble points; we can only say that Mr. Clodd states the position with perfect fairness and clearness, and it is difficult to see how any one who accepts the doctrine of evolution can admit any break in continuity between the inorganic and the organic. As to the place in which life originated, Mr. Clodd, with Buffon and some of the best modern authorities, is inclined to locate it in the polar regions; "as the globe cooled these regions would be the earliest to reach a temperature under which life is possible."

In the chapters on the Origin of Life-forms and on the Origin of Species, the cell-theory and other somewhat abstruse doctrines are explained with welcome clearness, while in a subsequent chapter the proofs of the derivation of species are marshalled with convincing force. In these chapters the theories connected with the name of Darwin, and the data on which these theories are based, are brought within the comprehension of any one of average intelligence, so that ignorance of what "Darwinism" and "Spencerism" are is henceforth inexcusable; and it is wonderful how common such ignorance is, and how widely accepted are the grossest misrepresentations of what is meant by "natural selection" and the "survival of the fittest."

The chapter of greatest interest to the general reader will no doubt be that on Social Evolution. Here problems have to be faced which bring the hard-and-fast evolutionist, who has a firm belief in the beneficial results of Nature's unfeeling methods, to a standstill. Mr. Clodd's explanation of the evolution of mind is a natural outcome of what has gone before. It is when he comes to deal with the evolution of society that we are introduced to problems which seem at first sight to require the help of extra-scientific factors for their solution. If Nature's method of the suppression of the unadaptable, the unfit, the weak, is the method which makes for progressive evolution—shall we say for "righteousness"?—then what about the outcome of the most advanced stages of evolution? What about our hospitals, our insane asylums, our doctoring and coddling of our weak progeny, our efforts to raise the unsuccessful and the wretched, Nature's castaways, who, if she had her way, would be allowed to go to the wall? On the other hand, are we ourselves not part of Nature's material, and is not the entire conduct of life of higher humanity in accordance with her promptings? It may be; but at the same time there seems here to be a wide opening for those who maintain that there is an element to be taken into account undreamed of in evolutionary philosophy. If we were to take pattern from Nature's method of work, the method followed by Spartan selectionists long ago, how large a proportion of our progeny would "not be reared," including our Newtons, our Popes, and our geniuses generally; for is not genius after all an abnormal or morbid development, which would become impossible in a perfectly sane or healthy race? These and similar questions are suggested by Mr. Clodd's thoughtful treatment of the problems of social evolution. The fact is, as he points out, we may follow Nature's methods and yet retain our humanity; there is no reason why we should not allow those feelings which are among the noblest outcomes of evolution to have free play; yet all the more, on this very ground, it seems to be our duty to take measures to prevent the transmission of diseased organisms. With all our precautions many succumb in the struggle for existence. "It is computed that more than seven hundred millions of human



beings are every century pounded back to nothingness without knowing that they ever lived, to which have to be added the vast number that die in early childhood, and the wholesale destruction of communities by wars, pestilences, famines, and catastrophes." If Mr. Clodd means by the seven hundred millions per century that "are pounded back into nothingness" the still-born, surely he takes an exaggerated estimate; seven million still-born children per annum is a percentage surely far in excess of reality. Mr. Clodd goes on through successive sections on the evolution of society, the evolution of language, the useful arts and sciences, evolution of morals, and evolution of theology, to illustrate the action of the great principle in the highest stages attained by Nature's noblest product, on earth at least. To any one wishing to have a succinct and intelligible, as well as attractively written statement of the doctrine of evolution and the results of its application to the universe, we commend Mr. Clodd's book without hesitation.

## FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE death of M. Charles Monselet removes from the ranks of French men of letters a writer of the most amiable talent and personality and of great literary taste, though not perhaps of any very strong or original genius. Born sixty-six years ago, M. Monselet belonged to the same generation exactly as Baudelaire and as M. de Banville, and was, if we are not mistaken, a friend of both. Indeed, though he was not much known by his own writings in England, every one who has read a little miscellaneous French must remember friendly references to him by other writers. He was a poet and a dramatist in his way, as well as a tolerably fertile poetical and dramatic critic; and he also wrote novels, no one of which can exactly be said to have "made fortune." But his true department was miscellany writing, especially in ways a little out of the common run. He more than any one else directed, now more than thirty years ago, attention to the curious, and for some half-century quite neglected, work of Restif de la Bretonne, and in his subsequent *Oubliés et Dédaignés* he practically founded that fancy for the eighteenth century out of which the brothers Goncourt and others made more reputation than he did, but which no one cultivated with greater taste and absence of charlatanism. He was also quite the best gastronomical writer recently living, and though no single original work of his is very likely to live, he will always hold a place in the memory of literary students.

There have been many books by foreigners on English education, and they have not, as a rule, been flattering, precisely because they have almost always looked at the thing from a pedagogic instead of an educating point of view. M. de Coubertin's volume on English Public Schools and Universities (1) takes quite the opposite line, and the author, though he protests that he is no "anglomane," blesses us altogether, or very nearly so. This is because he regards education as a thing for training men, not making machines. In his pleasant accounts of Oxford, Cambridge, Eton, Harrow, Westminster, &c., it would, no doubt, be possible for experts in each case to trace a few trifling errors; but, on the whole, the picture is as accurate as it is flattering, and might make our modern pedagogues pause in their anxiety to destroy exactly the characteristics which M. de Coubertin admires. The one thing that he professes himself unable to understand is not a little amusing. He offers "10 schellings à qui expliquera pour quel motif les étudiants de Cambridge piquent une tête dans une urne argentée entourée d'une serviette blanche." We will trouble him for that half-sovereign. The magic explanation is TRINA. Yes; but he retorts, "S'ils boivent, pourquoi boire si lentement?" Why marry thus. If you try to drink quickly out of a large cup, you will, as M. de Coubertin will find if he experiments, pretty certainly send the liquid in a wave over your chin, neck, and shoulders. But is it really possible that they have no cups in France? Now we come to think of it, we never saw one there.

The writer who calls himself "Joseph d'Arçay" (2), and who has already published certain rather vulturine reminiscences, now devotes a book to M. Thiers, of whom he was, it seems, a kind of connexion by marriage. If anybody wants a little very small scandal (such as that Thiers's birth and his parents' marriage were chronologically related much in the same way as similar events were in the case of Susannah Shakespeare, that he did not give his own mother as large an allowance as he ought, that his mother-in-law was a "petite bourgeoise parvenue," and so forth), he can read this book. For our part we should say that such tittle-tattle throws no new light on Thiers's well-known faults and weaknesses, and certainly does not in the least obscure his great qualities.

It is a pity that M. de Bonnières, who has no small ability, should let himself be carried away by the detestable habits of "Society journalism" (3). To describe Baudelaire as "an Englishman born at Marseilles" is altogether luminous and happy. To say that Mlle. Clémence Royer dresses badly and smokes, or that M. Léon Say is fat and has drooping cheeks, appears to us—vulgar. M. de Bonnières is fairly often in the better vein; unluckily he is sometimes in the worse.

The *Essays and Fantasies* of "Arvède Barine" (4) are varied, well written, and not without originality. Not a few of their subjects are English, and rather out-of-the-way English, too; for we certainly should not have expected a paper on *Mark Rutherford* in a French book.

M. Emile Blavet's reprinted *chroniques* are now well known, and are undoubtedly good of their kind. Some interesting things will be found in the present volume, notably an account of "Marcellin," the famous founder of the *Vie parisienne* itself (5); but we should like it better if it had not on its cover a male and a female Parisian grinning horribly.

Even Frenchmen, who have comparatively few books of travel, must, we should think, be getting tired of books on the United States. M. Moreau's (6) has no very distinct features, except that it is rather ill-tempered.

Dr. Lagrange's book (7) on the Physiology of Exercise is exceedingly careful and good; especially the part dealing with *courbature*—a thing for which, oddly enough, the most athletic country in the world has no complete single name.

A reprint of the late M. Albert Duruy's (8) articles on the French army at the date of the Revolution is made more interesting by a very well written life of the author from the pen of his brother George.

## NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

WHEN the world is of one mind as to what is meant by evolution, and what is implied by the vague phrase religious thought, it will be possible to pronounce definitely on the argument and conclusions of Professor Joseph Le Conte's *Evolution and its Relation to Religious Thought* (Chapman & Hall). As it is, there is much likelihood of the author's interpretation of evolution and its relation to religion being assailed on both sides. Briefly put, Mr. Le Conte's book is an attempt to show that the teachings of evolution are generally misconceived. Evolution does not "destroy the possibility of all religious belief by demonstrating a pure materialism." There are many excellent people who fondly yearn for the reconciliation of science and religion, and find it soothing sweet to follow Professor Henry Drummond. They will sympathize with Mr. Le Conte's aims, and possibly derive consolation from his book. For our part, we confess to remaining as unmoved as a Puritan who had witnessed some courtly pageant of Pleasure reconciled to Virtue. Two parts of Mr. Le Conte's book are devoted to an exposition of evolution, its laws and evidences. A third division unfolds the author's views on the tendencies of evolution and its relation to religion. Of the first portion, the scientific demonstration, it is unnecessary to say more than that Mr. Le Conte is an ardent evolutionist, and his statement is clearly put and of fair exactitude. At page 19 we have a diagram that gives a rough representation, by curving lines, of the evolutionary scale in the geological periods. As each organic class becomes dominant in the various periods the point of culmination rises successively higher, in Molluscs, Fishes, Reptiles, and so forth, and proportionately declines. Man alone does not so decline, but crowns the scale still ascending. Now, the good evolutionist may well marvel why man is not subject to the law that governs all other organisms, seeing that he is derived through them. Moreover, Mr. Le Conte declares (p. 294) that the spirit of man was "developed out of the *anima* or conscious principle of animals." He refrains from formulating the next evolutionary phase or pointing out the inevitable successor to man. He does not dot out man's declination and his successor's line of ascent, because "certain it is that with man there begins an entirely new form of evolution," and "certain it is that with man evolution is transferred from the organic to the social plane, from the material to the psychical." By this arbitrary process the obvious difficulty we have indicated is evaded. Nor does Mr. Le Conte's subsequent excursion into the field of ethics reconcile us to his strange abandonment of the position. For this, it seems to us, is what his abrupt transition from the scientific standpoint amounts to. And here we may leave him with the evolutionists. He himself suggests an excellent reason why the religious person should not be greatly perturbed by the supposed conflict of religion and evolution. After declaring that the whole inductive basis upon which the modern theory of evolution has arisen was laid by Agassiz, he commends that eminent geologist for rejecting evolution because he considered it antagonistic to more certain truth—e.g. "the existence of God." "There is something to us supremely grand in this refusal of Agassiz to accept the theory of evolution" (p. 45). Now if Agassiz was justified in refusing to build on the foundation he had laid, the religious person, of whatsoever creed, is justified in rejecting the so-called evidences of evolution. If it was admirable in Agassiz by so doing to refuse the position of "leader of modern thought," it is admirable conduct also in any Christian of scientific proclivities to resist the temptation of posing as a terrible evolutionist in his little circle. But, says Mr. Le Conte, Agassiz made a mistake in thinking evolution led to materialism (p. 45); and if he had been a greater man he would have risen superior to

(1) *Education en Angleterre*. Par P. de Coubertin. Paris: Hachette.

(2) *Notes inédites sur M. Thiers*. Par Joseph d'Arçay. Paris: Ollendorff.

(3) *Mémoires d'aujourd'hui*. Par Robert de Bonnières. Paris: Ollendorff.

(4) *Essais et fantaisies*. Par Arvède Barine. Paris: Hachette.

(5) *La vie parisienne*, 1887. Par "Parisien." Paris: Paul Ollendorff.

(6) *Aux Etats-Unis*. Par F. F. Moreau. Paris: Plon.

(7) *Physiologie des exercices du corps*. Par F. Lagrange. Paris: Alcan.

(8) *L'armée royale en 1789*. Par A. Duruy. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

the "universal mistake of his age." But in that event Mr. Le Conte would not have written the present volume.

Every one knows the value of a good memory, though many there be who know not how to preserve it. Twenty-two rules, framed to this desirable end, are given in the second and practical portion of Mr. F. W. Edridge-Green's *Memory: its Logical Relations and Cultivation* (Baillière, Tindall, & Cox). They are somewhat hard to master, but will repay study if the illustrative matter appended be carefully followed.

*Sacred Song* (Walter Scott) is a comely volume of selections from poets, past and present, edited by Mr. Samuel Waddington. The term "religious verse" in the title-page fairly accords with the nature of the anthology. The selection is wide in range, and representative of every description of poetry that may be justly said to possess the lyrical quality of inspiration. There is also a goodly proportion of poetry that is neither devotional nor hymnal, that is rather of a philosophic or meditative cast. Perhaps it scarcely accords with the editor's ruling, which excludes merely popular hymns, to present so slight a gathering from Crashaw, Vaughan, and Herbert; poets little read, it is true, but of the first rank in sacred song.

The two volumes of *A History of Scotland, chiefly in its Ecclesiastical Aspect* (London and Edinburgh: Grant), by M. G. J. Kinloch, are rather readable than valuable. The author writes like a lady and a good Catholic; she has consulted great numbers of authorities, and made great quantities of quotations; she is a devout believer in Mary Stuart, Sir William Wallace, Robert Bruce, and other uncovenanted heroes; and she covers the years between the introduction of Christianity and the death of James VI. in capital style and at a far better pace than might have been expected. But her capacity is scarce equal to her good will. She has not the historical mind; her grasp of facts is loose and hesitating; of those great streams of tendencies which mould the destiny and shape the character of a nation she does not appear to so much as suspect the existence; she is altogether addicted to the substitution of details for results and the sentimental treatment of heroic individuals. This being the case, it will be seen that those who take up her *History* will learn little from it of the growth and development of either Scotland or the Church. They will find, however, plenty of amusing reading, a vast amount of curious quotation, and—though the English is sometimes inexact and not often really expressive—not a little easy and pleasant narrative.

*In Pursuit of a Shadow* (Trübner & Co.) is the lively record of "A Lady Astronomer"; a diary full of keen observation and animated comment, descriptive of a voyage from Hull by way of Christiania, Stockholm, St. Petersburg, and Moscow to Kineshma, in the heart of Russia. The traveller's intent was to spy the solar eclipse of last August. The result was disappointing. There was a fleeting glimpse, a mere peep, at the coronal light, and that was all. Not a shadow of this grief, however, falls on the bright pages of this little book. It is full of pleasant things, pleasantly recorded.

Mr. Herschau Liscomb is one of the right sort of sportsmen who would preserve, not exterminate, big game. With this object, and also as a guide to Anglo-Indians, he has compiled a capital little book entitled *Astór, Kashmir Territory* (Mussorie: Madisilite Printing Works). Mr. Liscomb's "Journal of Sport and Travel" ought to satisfy the most inveterate hunter that Astór, the land of the Dards, is the true sportsman's paradise. Even the bear cuts something of a figure in this spirited account of adventure and big bags, of thrilling tracks after the ibex and the markhor. The envious shooter may find his way to Mr. Liscomb's paradise without difficulty with the help of this handbook and its map. When there let his motto be sport, not slaughter.

*Martin Revel*, by Edith Hill (Wyman & Sons), is a rather colourless story about an unfortunate young man whose knowledge of the world is extremely limited, and whose temper is truculent. He is very properly punished for want of tact and heat of temper. And that is all that the reader desires. *Mavis*, by M. Bramston (S.P.C.K.), seems to have been written to illustrate the evil of the *mariage de convenance*. It is not particularly impressive.

Among our new editions we have Mr. Hall Caine's *The Deemster* (Chatto & Windus); *The Wizard's Son*, by Mrs. Oliphant (Macmillan & Co.); a third revised edition of Dr. John Macpherson's valuable descriptive handbook, *The Baths and Wells of Europe* (Stanford), and Mr. Charles Lunn's *The Philosophy of Voice*, sixth edition (Baillière, Tindall, & Cox).

We have also received Wordsworth's *Prelude*, annotated by Professor A. J. George (Boston: Heath); *Geology for All*, by J. Logan Lobley, F.G.S. (Roper & Drowley); *Lesson Pegs* (Relfe Brothers); *Seaside and Wayside*, by Julia McNair Wright, "Native Readers" series (Whittaker); *The Mysore Gold Mine*, by "A Permanent Shareholder" (Effingham Wilson), and an *Illustrated Guide to Geneva* ("Tribune de Genève" office).

#### NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

**NOTICE.**—On and after the 2nd of July next all ADVERTISEMENTS intended for insertion in the SATURDAY REVIEW should be addressed direct to the MANAGER of the ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT, SATURDAY REVIEW OFFICE, 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

Copies of the SATURDAY REVIEW may be obtained in Paris every Saturday of Mr. J. G. FOTHERINGHAM, 8 Rue Neuve des Capucines, and of Messrs. GALIGNANI, 224 Rue de Rivoli.

Copies of the SATURDAY REVIEW Bill of Contents will be forwarded every Friday Evening by post, prepaid, to any Newsagent in Town or Country on application to the Publisher.

Nearly all the back Numbers of the SATURDAY REVIEW may be obtained through any Bookseller, or of the Publisher, at the Office, 38 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

## THE SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d.

CONTENTS OF No. 1,700, MAY 26, 1888:

The Chronic Alarmist.  
The Southampton Election. Is it Safe?  
Cricket. Co-operation. Central Asian Demonstrations.  
In Malwood Chase. The Irregularity of Regulators.  
Ireland. Poor Malietoa.  
A Lesson to Costermongers. The Barcelona Exhibition.  
The Royal Wedding at Charlottenburg.  
Mr. Whistler's Ten o'clock.  
How to Lose an Election. The Story of the London Police—III.  
Racing. Dramatic Record.  
The Stock Exchange and the New Taxes.  
The Picture Galleries. Savoy Matinees. The Salon.  
The Glasgow Exhibition.  
Denton's England in the Fifteenth Century.  
Japanese Children. Geology.  
A "Special" on his Travels. The Goths.  
Technical Education. History of America—Vol. VI.  
William III. George Edmund Street.  
Tennyson and Browning. The Story of Creation.  
French Literature. New Books and Reprints.

London: Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

**LYCEUM.**—Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING.—THE AMBER HEART, and ROBERT MACAIRE. Every Evening at Eight o'clock. Ellaline, Miss ELLEN TERRY; Robert Macaire, Mr. HENRY IRVING. MORNING PERFORMANCES, FAUST, FAUST will be performed on the Mornings of Saturdays, June 3 and 9. Mephistopheles, Mr. HENRY IRVING; Margaret, Miss ELLEN TERRY.  
NOTICE.—The Theatre will be CLOSED on every Saturday Evening during June. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst), open 10 to 5.  
Seats can be booked by letter or telegram.—LYCEUM.

### FALERO'S NIGHTMARE.

This remarkable Picture will be ON VIEW at the GAINSBOROUGH GALLERY, 25 Old Bond Street, daily from Ten until Six, on and after Monday, the 28th instant. Admission, One Shilling.

**THE NEW GALLERY, Regent Street.**—The SUMMER EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN, from Nine A.M. to Seven P.M. Admission One Shilling; Season Tickets, Five Shillings.

### NIAGARA IN LONDON.

**COLOSSAL PICTURE** of the GREAT FALLS. Original Effects, by Philippeaux, Pleasant Lounge, Music, American Museum, Electric Light. Admission, 1s. No Fees. Ten A.M. to Eleven P.M. WEDNESDAY, 2s. 6d. Ten to Six; 1s. Six to Eleven. Fringed by entire Fresh.—YORK STREET, Westminster. St. James's Park Station. 4,000 Visitors Daily.

**LONDON LIBRARY, St. James's Square, S.W.**—The FORTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Members will be held in the Reading-Room on Thursday, May 31, at Three P.M. The Right Hon. the EARL of CARNARVON in the Chair. ROBERT HARRISON, Secretary and Librarian.

**P. and O. MAIL STEAMERS FROM LONDON TO**  
BOMBAY, GIBRALTAR, MALTA, BRINDISI, every week.  
EGYPT, ADEN, and COLOMBO.  
CALCUTTA, CHINA, STRAITS, and JAPAN, every alternate week.  
AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, and TASMANIA.  
Direct Services from MARSEILLES, NAPLES, and BRINDISI, to the EAST.  
CHEAP RETURN TICKETS.  
For particulars apply at the Company's Offices, 122 Leadenhall Street, E.C., and 25 Cockspur Street, London, S.W.

**ILFRACOMBE.**—The ILFRACOMBE HOTEL. Thoroughly furnished, equipped, and decorated. 50 Rooms. Eight Lawn Tennis Courts, large Swimming Bath. Private Bath. Descriptive tariff of Manager.